The Saturday Review of Literature

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
0 26 42

VOLUME XXV NO. 43 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1942 FIFTEEN CENTS

FALL BOOKS

G. B. S.
Satan, Saint, and Superman
By JOHN MASON BROWN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE YOUNG MATRIARCH

by G. B. Stern

In a novel as vivid and appealing as any of its famed predecessors, Miss Stern returns to the material of her greatest literary successes, the "Matriarch Series." Again we meet the many fascinating members of the Rakonitz clan.
$3.00

THE LONG SHIPS PASSING

by Walter Havighurst

"The best, the most readable book on the Great Lakes."—Stewart Holbrook
$3.00

CONDITIONS OF PEACE

by Edward Hallett Carr

"One of the most important publications of the year."—Allan Nevins
$2.50

AND NOW TOMORROW

by Rachel Field

"The most thoughtful, most beautiful, most rewarding novel of all she ever wrote!"
—N. Y. Herald Tribune
$2.75

THE DAY MUST DAWN

by Agnes Sligh Turnbull

"One of the finest historical novels in years, a book that rings true on every page. It re-creates an era in American history that tapped the very roots of our spirit, even as the present era does."—Philadelphia Inquirer
$2.75

THE AGE OF ENTERPRISE

by Cochran & Miller

An interpretation of American history from a new point of view. $3.50

THEN WE SHALL HEAR SINGING

by Storm Jameson

"In artistry and reach, it takes its place among the best."—New York Times
$2.50

Coming Tuesday, Oct. 27th

THE THREE BAMBOOS

In novel form, the story of the momentous intrigue the world has ever experienced!
$2.75

by Robert Standish

DRIVIN' WOMAN

by Elizabeth Chevalier

"A triumph of twentieth century story telling—a book to lose yourself in!"
—Philadelphia Inquirer
$2.75

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CONRAD ARGOSY is the current book-dividend being distributed FREE among members. It is typical of the kind of book members of the Book-of-the-Month Club receive—one for every two selections they buy!

A **FREE** COPY...TO NEW MEMBERS
OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

—this beautifully illustrated book

A

Conrad Argosy

By Joseph Conrad

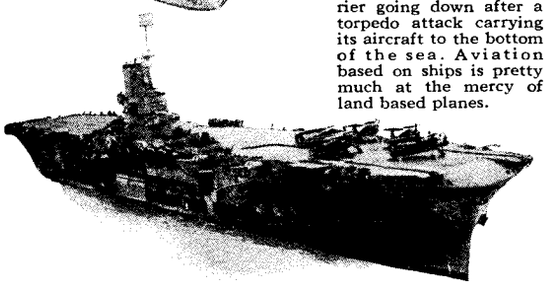
WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY WILLIAM McFEE
AND WOOD CUT ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANS ALEXANDER MUELLER

Retail Price $5.00

The CONRAD ARGOSY contains those stories of the sea, intense, mysterious, which have made the far reaches of the ocean and the distant shores of tropic islands a literary homeland for Joseph Conrad. *Youth, Typhoon, The Nigger of The Narcissus, The Secret Sharer*—these are stories which will never cease to cast their spell—a heady compound of sea wrack, star gleam, and of lonely watches held on Eastern seas.

YOU CAN BEGIN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB WITH THIS DOUBLE SELECTION

The End of the Ark Royal. The British aircraft carrier going down after a torpedo attack carrying its aircraft to the bottom of the sea. Aviation based on ships is pretty much at the mercy of land based planes.



Victory Through Air Power

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

and

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE

BY FRANZ WERFEL

IN a recent month, the Club's judges had intended to send out only one book—Franz Werfel's novel, *The Song of Bernadette.* But at the last minute a book came up for consideration that, in the unanimous opinion of the Editorial Committee, demanded immediate distribution. This book was *Victory Through Air Power,* and it was accordingly decided to send it to the Club's members with *The Song of Bernadette.*

The two books together may be obtained from the Club—by its members only—for $3.00, a considerable saving over their combined retail price.

WHAT A SUBSCRIPTION INVOLVES:

Over 500,000 book-reading families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. They do so in order to keep themselves from missing the best new books they are really interested in.

As a Club member, you receive an advance publication report about the judges' choice—and also reports about all other important coming books. If you decide you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not, you can specify some other book you want, or simply say: "Send me nothing."

Your obligation as a member is simple. You pay no yearly fee. You merely agree to buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period. The subscription period is not for one year, but as long as you decide; you can end it at any time after taking four books-of-the-month. You pay for the books as you receive them—the regular retail price (frequently less) plus a small charge to cover postage and other mailing expenses.

For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of the Club's book-dividends. Last year over $5,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) were given to the Club's members—given, not sold!

A2510

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB,
385 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive a free copy of A CONRAD ARGOSY, and for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member; and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

Name.....
Please Print Plainly

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

☐ **IMPORTANT:** Please check here if you do NOT want us to begin your subscription with the recent double-selection, *Victory Through Air Power* and *The Song of Bernadette.* The price of the two books, to members only, is $3.00.

Books shipped to Canadian members, DUTY PAID, through Book-of-the-Month Club, (Canada), Ltd.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Duke University Publications

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON edited by *William Amos Abrams* $3.50

A definitive and much-needed edition of an important Elizabethan play, distinguished by an excellent bibliography and a fully annotated text.

JONES VERY: EMERSON'S "BRAVE SAINT"

by *William Irving Bartlett* $3.00

The first serious study of the nineteenth century American poet and religious mystic who was Ralph Waldo Emerson's intimate friend.

THE LAST YEARS OF HENRY TIMROD

edited by *Jay B. Hubbell* $2.50

A book published to make available letters from Timrod to Hayne and about Timrod from Simms, Whittier, and others; some of Hayne's diary and clippings relating to Timrod; and uncollected poems and prose pieces. Although not cast as a biography, the book gives by far the fullest account of the poet's last years.

COLERIDGE AND THE BROAD CHURCH MOVEMENT

by *Charles Richard Sanders* $3.50

A study of how Coleridge's life long quest for intellectual and social unity, reconciling truth and freedom, influenced Dr. Thomas Arnold, J. C. Hare, Thomas Carlyle, and F. D. Maurice.

THE LETTERS OF JOHN DRYDEN

collected and edited by *Charles E. Ward* $3.00

An annotated edition of the extant letters to and from the seventeenth century English poet and playwright. These seventy-seven letters form the only real source for a biographical study.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In the Press:

EUROPE AND ITALY'S ACQUISITION OF LIBYA, 1911-1912

by *William C. Askew* $3.50

IN DEFENSE OF THE WEST: A POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC STUDY

by *Herbert von Beckerath* $3.50

SOCIOCULTURAL CAUSALITY, SPACE, TIME: A STUDY OF REFERENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE by *Pitirim A. Sorokin* $3.50

Catalogue on request

DUKE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Durham • North Carolina

This Week

Cover design by Irving Spellens

ARTICLES

PAGE

G. B. S.: SATAN, SAINT, AND SUPERMAN
An Essay Review of "G. B. S.: A Full-Length Portrait," by Hesketh Pearson
By John Mason Brown 6

LETTER TO A PUBLISHER ON MAX BEERBOHM'S BIRTHDAY
By Christopher Morley 8

POETIC JUSTICE IN THE ART OF CALLING NAMES
By Max Eastman 9

FEATURES

ALMANAC FOR FALL READING
By Amy Loveman 11

A RANDOM GALLERY OF FALL AUTHORS
By J. P. Pierotti 12

RADIO AND THE WRITER
By Albert N. Williams 44

REVIEWS

BOOK	AUTHOR	REVIEWER	
LEE'S LIEUTENANTS	Douglas Southall Freeman	*Bernard De Voto*	15
AMERICAN HARVEST	Edited by Allen Tate and John Peale Bishop	*Howard Mumford Jones*	16
VICTOR HUGO	Matthew Josephson	*André Maurois*	17
QUEEN OF THE FLAT-TOPS	Stanley Johnston	*Fletcher Pratt*	18
THE UNRELENTING STRUGGLE	Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill	*Allan Nevins*	19
HOSTAGES	Stefan Heym	*Robert Pick*	20
JOURNEY INTO CHINA	Violet Cressy-Marcks	*Nym Wales*	20
BETWEEN HITLER AND MUSSOLINI	Prince Ernst R. Starhemberg	*Alfred Werner*	21
THE RIDDLE OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT	Robert Bendiner	*Roger Baldwin and Jay Franklin*	30
THE GREAT O'NEIL	Sean O'Faolain	*Garrett Mattingly*	32
MY HEART FOR HOSTAGE	Robert Hillyer	*N. L. Rothman*	34
LOVE'S LOVELY COUNTERFEIT	James M. Cain	*N. L. Rothman*	34
THE BURNING WHEEL	Slater Brown	*Richard A. Cordell*	35
MEN OF ALBEMARLE	Inglis Fletcher	*Charles D. Abbott*	36
THEN WE SHALL HEAR SINGING	Storm Jameson	*Richard R. Plant*	36
THE HARVEY GIRLS	Samuel Hopkins Adams	*Richard A. Cordell*	38
TREASURY OF GREAT POEMS	Selected by Louis Untermeyer	*William Rose Benét*	40
THE GARDEN IS POLITICAL COUNTRY POEMS MANY WATERS	John Malcom Brinnin Elizabeth Coatsworth Sally Bruce Kinsolving	*Sara Henderson Hay*	42
OUR AGE OF UNREASON	Franz Alexander	*Bertram D. Lewin*	45

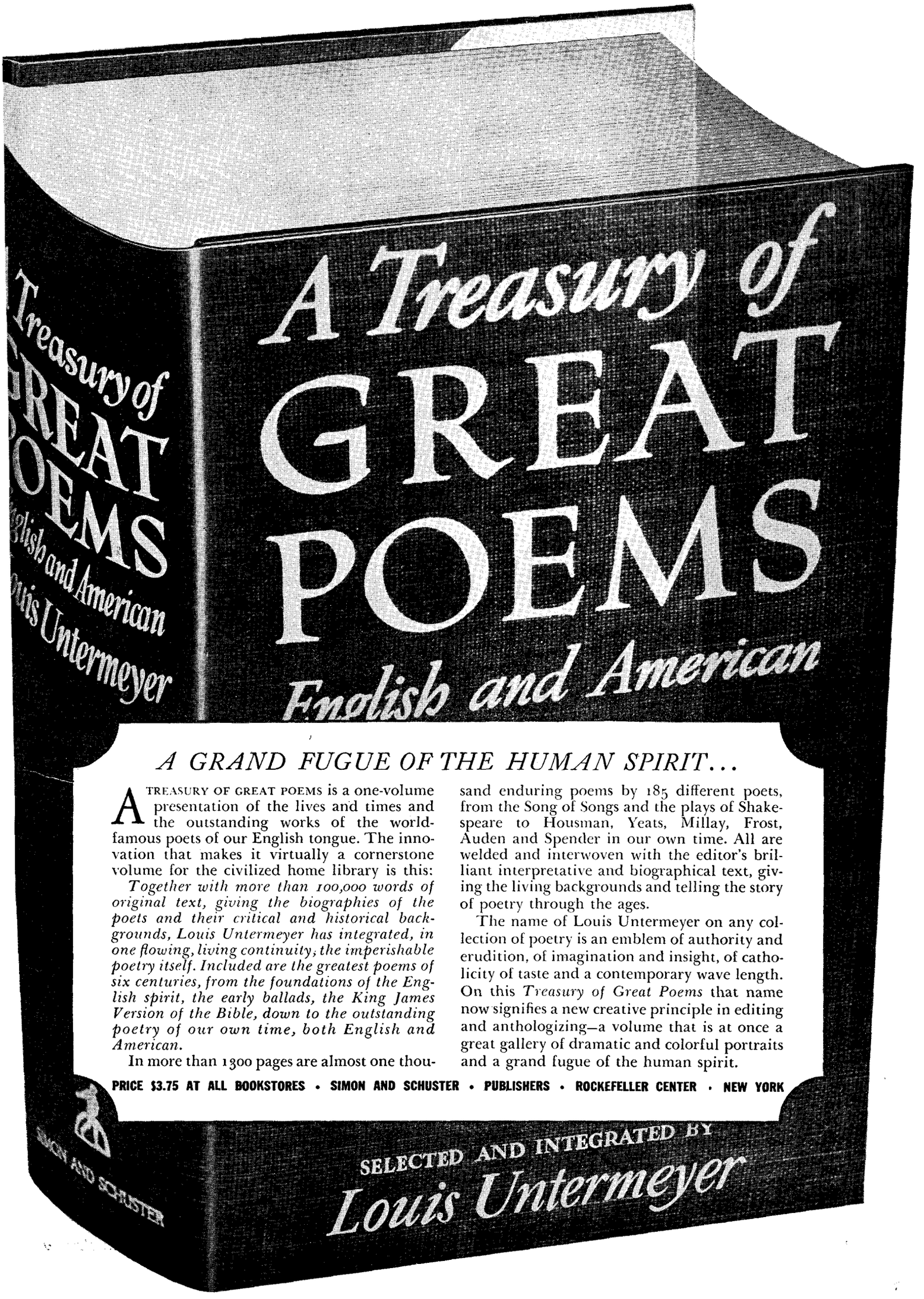
DEPARTMENTS

EDITORIAL 24
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 25
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 28
YOUR LITERARY I.Q.
By Howard Collins 28
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 41
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 48
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 448 49
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB 49

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Anthony J. Passaretti, Treasurer. Subscription, $4 a year; $5 in Canada and other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXV, No. 43, October 24, 1942. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1942.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A GRAND FUGUE OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT...

A TREASURY OF GREAT POEMS is a one-volume presentation of the lives and times and the outstanding works of the world-famous poets of our English tongue. The innovation that makes it virtually a cornerstone volume for the civilized home library is this:

Together with more than 100,000 words of original text, giving the biographies of the poets and their critical and historical backgrounds, Louis Untermeyer has integrated, in one flowing, living continuity, the imperishable poetry itself. Included are the greatest poems of six centuries, from the foundations of the English spirit, the early ballads, the King James Version of the Bible, down to the outstanding poetry of our own time, both English and American.

In more than 1300 pages are almost one thousand enduring poems by 185 different poets, from the Song of Songs and the plays of Shakespeare to Housman, Yeats, Millay, Frost, Auden and Spender in our own time. All are welded and interwoven with the editor's brilliant interpretative and biographical text, giving the living backgrounds and telling the story of poetry through the ages.

The name of Louis Untermeyer on any collection of poetry is an emblem of authority and erudition, of imagination and insight, of catholicity of taste and a contemporary wave length. On this *Treasury of Great Poems* that name now signifies a new creative principle in editing and anthologizing—a volume that is at once a great gallery of dramatic and colorful portraits and a grand fugue of the human spirit.

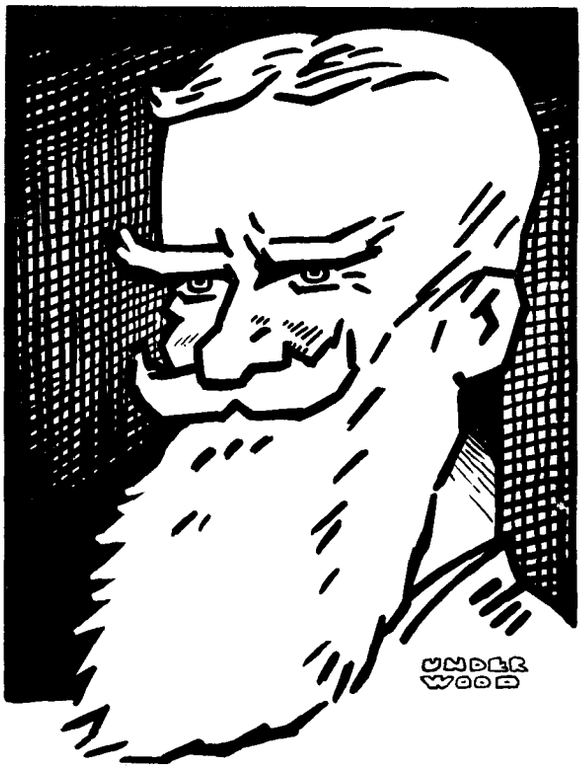
PRICE $3.75 AT ALL BOOKSTORES • SIMON AND SCHUSTER • PUBLISHERS • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

G. B. S.

Satan, Saint, and Superman

JOHN MASON BROWN



"On the topic of G. B. S., Mr. Shaw has been neither reticent nor dull."

HESKETH PEARSON must take his place among the welcome deliverers. Had he, in his "G. B. S.: A Full Length Portrait,"* done nothing except save Mr. Shaw from Archibald Henderson, he would have done enough to win the world's gratitude. Until Mr. Pearson's book appeared, Professor Henderson was the official biographer. Twice, in 1911 and in 1932, he had played chronicler to the Sage of Ayot St. Lawrence. His were the "authorized" testaments. All other versions of the Shavian saga were apocrypha.

A photograph of Mr. Henderson sent to Mr. Shaw at Mr. Shaw's request had caused G. B. S., in the best tradition of a matrimonial bureau, to put his life in Mr. Henderson's hands. "You look like the man who can do the job," scribbled Mr. Shaw on a fateful postcard. And the misalliance took place.

No one who has suffered through the 800 pages of Mr. Henderson's "Bernard Shaw: Playboy and Prophet" can ever again subscribe to the popular fallacy which insists the camera does not lie. Mr. Henderson's is an indispensable book—at least it was until Mr. Pearson's appeared. Its being so only made it the more infuriating even as it makes Mr. Pearson's biography the more welcome.

Mr. Henderson's work had its virtues. It was based on solid research, crowded with excellent illustrations, and filled with statistics elsewhere inaccessible. It was enlivened by countless quotations from Mr. Shaw and written with great affection. The trouble was that Mr. Henderson's love for Mr. Shaw was outdistanced only by Mr. Henderson's love for himself. Mr. Henderson could not keep himself out of the narrative. On page after page the static of his thunderous ego drowned out a fascinating program. What was supposed to be Mr. Shaw's life managed to become Mr. Henderson's scrapbook. The result was a volume, at once invaluable and nauseating, which at many embarrassing moments sounded like the kind of biography of Voltaire that Lou Tellegen might have written.

Mr. Pearson's "G. B. S." has the high virtue of letting Mr. Shaw speak for himself. The Elderly Gentleman —more accurately The Grand Old Boy—now testifies without a midget sitting on his lap. And what magnificent testimony in behalf of truth and sanity, wit and buffoonery, wisdom and originality, paradox and courage, literary brilliance and the Life Force, Mr. Shaw's own words provide in his behalf!

Although occasionally Mr. Pearson runs the risk of crossing swords with Mr. Shaw, his volume is not a critical study of Mr. Shaw's works. Mr. Pearson knows the market bulges with such tomes. Wisely enough, he does not add to the bulk of these by-products, however deadly and hence un-Shavian, or sprightly and therefore Shavian. Shaw the man, or rather the superman, is his concern; the G. B. S. who as a figure, a personality, and a hydra-headed genius is more fascinating than the finest of his works. "Shaw," says Mr. Pearson, "is the greatest 'character' of his age and his biography should be as Boswellian as the wit of man can make it. I have done my best to Boswellize him."

IT is as unnecessary, as it would be ungrateful, to point out that Mr. Pearson's best is not Boswell's or anything approaching it. It is, however, a very capable best. The book it has produced is not only the best life of Shaw that has been or is likely to be written, but a biography of genuine distinction. In Mr. Shaw, Mr. Pearson has the most colorful of the many literary figures —Hazlitt, Henry Labouchere, Tom Paine, W. S. Gilbert, yes, and even William Shakespeare—that he has so far dealt with. Indeed, he has a personage no less formidable, and certainly far more ingratiating, than the great Dr. Johnson himself.

The man who writes Mr. Shaw's life faces an assignment at once back-breaking and easy. The difficulties spring from the fact that during these long, long decades of ceaseless activity, Mr. Shaw has lived more lives than the average regiment can lose. Moreover, he has lived them simultaneously. He has taken all betterment rather than all learning for his province. It is not his fault, or mankind's entire loss, if the universe is not built in his image. The empire of Mr. Shaw's thought has been as far-flung as the England of his incomplete adoption. As an Ibsenite, a Wagnerian, a Fabian, a Communist, a Fascist; as a critic of painting, music, and the theatre; as an authority on prize-fighting, Karl Marx, and religions; as a defender of the rights of the little man and yet a subscriber to the hero myth; as a vestryman, a committeeman, a preface-writer, and a dramatist; as an industrious novelist however bad and a brilliant speaker however industrious; as a mystic, a super-journalist, a vegetarian, a Puritan, an anti-vivisectionist, and a prophet, he has played court jester and merciless corrector to an ailing world.

The biographer who would keep up with Mr. Shaw must be strong of wind and stronger of mind. His task would be a hopeless one had not Mr. Shaw in numberless letters, prefaces, articles, and plays thrown out to his biographers his own life line. On the topic of G. B. S., Mr. Shaw has never been either reticent or dull. All his writing, regardless of its subject matter, has been autobiographical. Unlike the other authors, however, who love to dot their capital "I's", Mr. Shaw has always written about more than himself, even when G. B. S. has been his theme.

With scissors, paste, a sharp pencil, some stubborn prejudices (such as an

*G. B. S.: A FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT. By Hesketh Pearson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942. 390 pp. $3.75.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expressed willingness to die rather than read Karl Marx), and yet a discerning mind, Mr. Pearson has pored over Mr. Shaw's works and letters to assemble his full-length portrait. He plays M. C. not to a guest star but to a man who in himself is a whole major network, and who was the best of broadcasters long before the radio was thought of. Mr. Pearson's copy is on the whole excellently expository —clear, helpful, vigorous.

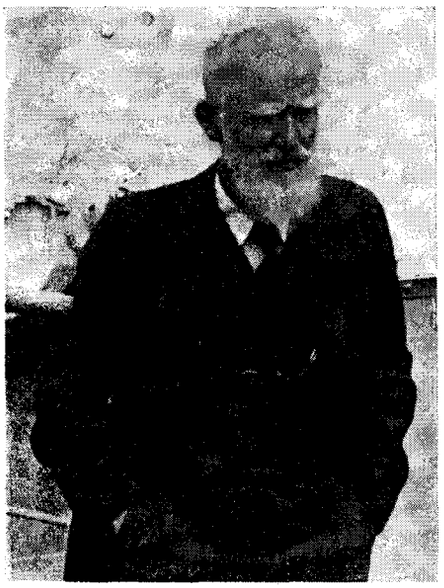
THE sources from which it is drawn are, as they would have to be, too numerous for Mr. Pearson to catalogue in full. Of course, they include the superb autobiographical preface to "Immaturity." And such a dazzling and little known collection of Shavian essays as "Pen Portraits and Reviews." And "What I Really Wrote About the War." And the tracts, the prefaces, the plays, the criticisms, and the untiring correspondence of that Mr. Shaw who writes as easily as most people breathe and almost always with a noontime brilliance. Mention is even made of Mr. Henderson's tome, and of Frank Harris's mendacity, the posthumous publication of which under Mr. Shaw's editing, with the facts corrected and the unfavorable verdicts left unchanged, was a typical act of Mr. Shaw's large spirit.

Mr. Pearson's final source, however, has been Mr. Shaw himself, the Mr. Shaw he has long known. On every doubtful point he has consulted that He-Ancient who is one of the youngest men alive, and who as an octogenarian lives in a world that has not yet caught up with him. He has prodded Mr. Shaw with questions skillfully designed to provoke him into response; baited him, badgered him, disagreed with him, challenged him. The revelations thus garnered in letters from and conversations with the world's best Shavian are among the most fascinating features of a fascinating volume.

All the many Bernard Shaws emerge here, one chapter at a time. First there is the Shaw born not an upstart but a "downstart," as he described it, in Dublin four years before our Civil War began. This was the young Shaw, raised in shabby gentility, who knew such poverty as can only be known to the second son of a second son of a second son; the Shaw whose family with pride traced its ancestry back to "the third son of that immortalized yet unborn Thane of Fife who, invulnerable to normally accouched swordsmen, laid on and slew Macbeth." This was the Shaw who inherited his imagination and his intimate knowledge of music from his mother, and from his drunken father "a humorous sense of anti-climax" which he says he used to great effect when he became a writer of comedy. It was from seeing his father drunk—merrily, unashamedly drunk again and again—that he learned to make "trifles of tragedies" instead of "tragedies of trifles."

Thereafter in the most uproarious of Mr. Shaw's own exuberant words on the subject of himself, the multifarious Shaws appear—the child who uttered his warm prayers in sonata form in bed; the boy who resisted the contaminations of orthodox schooling; the youngster who abandoned clerkdom because to his horror he was succeeding at it; and the man who in 1876 fled with his mother to London, there to live unblushingly for nine years off her limited resources as an "incorrigble unemployable."

These years of maternal dependency were all-important and fruitful ones.



G. B. S., on shipboard when he was supposed to have made his now-famous remark about the state of boobery in America.

They were the years during which the young Shaw dared to fill his mind when most young men feel duty-bound to think only about filling their pockets. These were the years when, marble-pale of face and with scraggily hints of that red beard which was to become world-famous, Mr. Shaw was visiting daily his university, the British Museum, and was seen there by William Archer with the score of "Tristan und Isolde" spread out typically enough side by side on a table with "Das Kapital." This was the Shaw whose life was changed by hearing Henry George, who had joined the Zeititical Society, turned Fabian, met William Morris; whose mind was already "strongly individualistic, atheistic, Malthusian, evolutionary, Ingersollian, Darwinian, Herbert Spencerian, etc."; who was teaching himself to speak without notes on all kinds of subjects, and, in general, relishing "poverty, potatoes, and politics" and busily writing those five novels, the best of which—"Cashel Byron's Profession" —caused Stevenson to groan, "My God, what women!" Although Shaw may have been an unemployable, he was never unemployed. He had already learned to work the way his father drank. He was filling that Shavian reservoir of thought, opinion, facts and paradoxes; that reservoir which was to break across the world as inexhaustibly as an ocean driven by a hurricane.

Thereafter the other Shaws follow. Shaw the art critic, the music critic, the champion of Wagner and Ibsen, the arch-foe of Henry Irving and "Sardoodledum," the reviler of "Pinerotic" drama, the dramatic critic who could boast after four years' service that he had changed Shakespeare from "a divinity and a bore" into "a fellow creature," and who was bold enough to take the theatre seriously "as a factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, an elucidator of social conduct, an armory against despair and dullness, and a temple of the Ascent of Man,"—these are dealt with in turn. So are all those other Shaws—Shaw the lover, in a chapter that is brutally frank and not designed for Southern Colonels of the old school; Shaw, the inkstand Casanova, so cold of body and so warm of phrase, who was always dashing off notes to women, even after his marriage to the wealthy Charlotte Payne-Townshend, and who in those conspiratorial and enchanting letters to Ellen Terry confessed he was "a writing machine" unendowed with "the small-change of love"; Shaw the dramatist who, by being able to put his critical theories into practice, reoriented and liberated the English-speaking stage, and who little by little became a world figure. Yes, and the Shaw whose unpopularity sank to new lows and whose courage rose to new heights during the last war because of his insistence upon stating the cold truth as he saw it even in the heat of battle; the dramatist whose career reached its zenith with "Saint Joan"; and finally the white-bearded Mephistopheles whose speech at the Metropolitan did him no good in this country, who has had kind words to say of Mussolini, who visited Russia with Lady Astor, and who has kept on writing, writing, writing, even when his later plays, with the exception of "In Good King Charles's Golden Days," have proven Mr. Shaw's mortality by showing a steady falling off—all of these G. B. S.'s are sprightly pigments in Mr. Pearson's full-length portrait.

In other words, in Mr. Pearson's biography Mr. Shaw is assembled, with

(*Continued on page* 46)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter to a Publisher on Max Beerbohm's Birthday

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The following letter was written by Mr. Morley on the occasion, last August 24th, of Max Beerbohm's seventieth birthday.

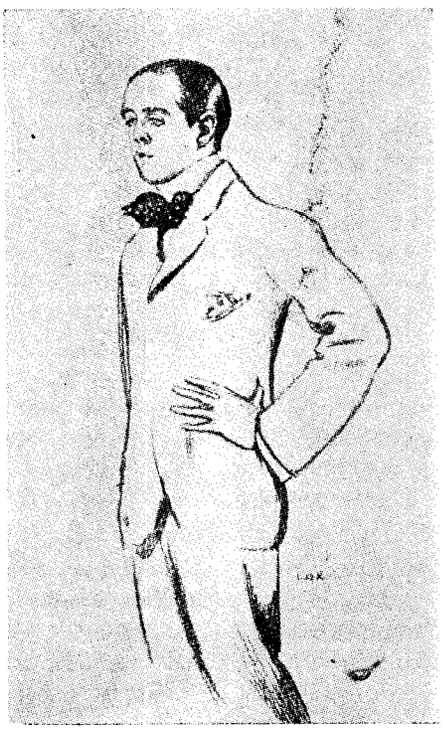
OBEYING impulse. After having thought so often about Max Beerbohm all these months I won't feel easy to my conscience if I don't write you a birthday letter for next Monday (24th). I have a feeling that no two guests at the birthday dinner will be more actually there in feeling than ourselves—and in some ways I'm almost glad not to be there in any carnal form.

One's feeling about Max is a reflex of his own surely and wisely developed delicacy; one keeps it a bit secret to one's self; it is always specially pleasing to me to observe the bewilderment of the non-Maxers or un-Maxed when they happen to overhear two devotees. There can scarcely be any form of more innocent and more honorable snobbery than that private certainty that damn few of this world's unpleasing mammals have the faintest idea who he is, or what he has written and cartooned, and why he did it that way. It is a special flavoring of this snobbery that of all those who have least notion of his quality his American publishers have usually been pre-eminent—I love to wonder what he would have thought of those unproofread Dodd Mead editions if he ever saw them.

Another feeling that I sometimes enjoy is the realization that his "incomparable" quality was of careful and loitering growth; he was fairly brash when he began; and it charms me that he developed to such perfect tone and suggestion that the errors of some of his earlier pieces only serve to heighten and freshen one's pleasure in his exquisite masterpieces. One will always have one's own favorites, and for reasons of one's own; mine, most likely, is "No. 2, The Pines"; partly because it so perfectly recalls Victorian interiors I myself have known, and even a fine old gentleman (Swinburne's contemporary) I used to call on and listen to his anecdotes of bygone giants. In "No. 2, The Pines" once you enter the house and sit down to the mutton (and turnips, I'm sure) with the coal fire behind you and a glimpse of the garden through the window, and the "parlourmaid" ladies in frames on the walls and the enormous big English soup or dessert spoons and the tureens of gravy and the bread cut in cubical hunches, why you are alive in that particular world that young men like Max, or even younger men like ourselves, knew something about. I bet there was a monkey-puzzler-tree somewhere near by; and I suppose the be-*yoo*tiful babbie A.C.S. saw on the heath was killed in the 1914-18 war.

Well I defy you to reread "No. 2, The Pines" without a small moistening of the eyes toward the end.

The best way to celebrate (not the word, I fear)—the best way to meditate Max's 70th would be by silence; those who don't care or weren't enough interested to inform themselves simply don't matter. The boys meeting at the dinner table in London will deservedly cheer themselves with good wine and good words; but the moment commemorates something that can hardly be expounded that way. Everyone who has loved Max's touch has always thought of him as the quintessence of insouciant youngness; of a delicacy of feeling so tenderly shaded it scarcely admitted itself to itself; a suggestion of ribaldry so polished and of satire so sharpened that it was only we ourselves, in the kindest and sweetest hours of our own youngness, could have perceived it. We were just enough younger than Max himself to be his perfect audience. Don't I remember buying "Zuleika" in Oxford the very day it went on sale at Blackwell's bookshop: exactly opposite the Roman emperors of stone; I was 21, and I read it sitting on a bench in New College gardens; and of course was hugely amused by the opening and even at 21 I perceived that he had dragged out to great length what should have been only a pastiche. Among the half-educated of N. Y., some ten years later, there was great admiration about "Zuleika"; but no one who ever really knew Oxford thought it was so very amusing. That of course was part of Max's "bad period" (every good artist has to have a so-and-so period)—it's an odd thing that it really took a world convulsion to bring this "petit maitre" to his largest creativeness and more generous ardor—He won't approve these words which I'm putting down without even pause to choose carefully; on this hell's own humid evening and with the encouragement of a glass of beer. But you know what I mean: Max's beginnings, however witty and charming, were on the coterie and smarty side of things; it was only later that he became the completely judging and accomplishing satirist, the critic as swordsman.



—*From a lithograph by Sir William Rothenstein.*

Max Beerbohm

SO wise a creature, I can't believe that he really looks back with regret on his own youth any more than you or I do on ours; *we* may deplore that he is 70, because we fixed him in mind as a star in the clear sky of our own boyishness. And we can curse that the world he knew and adorned with exquisitely intellectual mirth is gone for always. Those who never felt and smiled with him in that world can't possibly do so now; the foundations and catchwords of that laughter are gone. It amuses me no end to think that some of the most richly furnished of modern Beerbohm "collectors" probably don't even know what he's talking about most of the time.

I admit I should like to hear what Jim Bone & Ivor Brown & Philip Guedalla & Raymond Mortimer might say at that dinner. Mortimer was co-author, with the late Hamish Miles, of a spoof about Oxford ("Oxford Circus") which I always thought was more successful than "Zuleika." Guedalla, of course, was the Max Beerbohm of Oxford in my day. Ivor Brown, long a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contributor to the *Manchester Guardian* and lately appointed editor of *The Observer* is a brilliant cove; and, like Max, a drama critic. I wish there might have been an American at the meeting, to take up some of Max's hilarious taunts at the U. S. But the particular sense of artistry in which he reared himself, that delicious and temperamental and acid-etched sense of comic form, hardly exists in the U. S. and maybe never will. (Remember his cartoon of Walt, exhorting the American eagle to soar). So one looks back at Max as one does at some of the old Roman poets, let's say Horace; or Ovid among the Goths marvelling that the spirit of the arts could stamp such perfect design and harmony on the unpromising base metal of human being. Poor old blighter: he wrote you once that he was enlarging his library (with a Gordon Craig bookplate!)—did he get his stuff away from Rapallo when things blew up?—And how I wish he might have done a cartoon of the incident of you and the lady aboard ship (*S.S. Von Steuben,* was it??)—what a marvellous subject yourself would be for his pencil.

Today, among showers of rain, I reread pages here and there, I noticed (*Laughter,* in "And Even Now") he protests that even "at the age of 47" he still laughs often and loud and long. Maybe I was morbid about ages, thinking of his septuagint, for I reflected mildly that I myself am now ten years older than Max was when he wrote "No. 2, The Pines."

P. S. Monday, August 17.

Another chute of rain came down and I was just too sour to finish. Max in one of his stories describes how bad weather affects him so he would condone. Besides I was getting ill-humored anyway thinking of the contrast between so much dull, foggy, fumbling, mud-cloyed writing and the stinging precision of Max. Writers without gift, publishers without taste, and ten times ten million readers without sensibility—O Saeclum insipiens et infacetum! And while so many were out in the garden eating worms Max was sprinkling diamond dust.

Max Eastman

Is pregnant with a million million more
. . .

I published the poem in a socialist magazine—for no reason but that I was running the magazine and no editor could stop me. And pretty soon I received a letter from one of my too thoughtful readers: "I want to express my solidarity with you in the position taken in those lines, 'They die and wither, etc.' You grasp, as no other poet has, the attitude of the ruling class to the exploited proletariat."

He thought I was just using the fish as a kind of bait to lure the mind around to Karl Marx. Whereas I was not only thinking about the fish, but to the extent of my power and ability to become so, I *was* the fish—and the ocean, too. And that was all I was.

That is the nature of the poet. And that is the nature of poetry. Poetry is using words, not in order to record or convey information, but in order to cherish or illuminate experience. Now here is another poem, one published this summer by a man named Coffin, Robert P. Tristram Coffin—by his pictures, a plump and gay-faced blade to wear so solemn and long-drawn-out a name. Coffin grew up on a farm on the oceanside edge of Maine, and here is what happened to him:

I thought the island was my own
And fancied I was sole alone;
I did not know what gentle eyes
Were watching all my privacies.

A gull went by, his white head turned,
For one dark eye upon me burned
For three beats of his wings or four,
Then did not see me any more.

Poetic Justice in the Art of Calling Names

MAX EASTMAN

THERE are faults as well as merits in our American way of life. Our chief merit, perhaps, is that we are practical, and our chief fault that we are too exclusively practical. We were born with the industrial revolution, the triumph of matter-of-fact knowledge over imaginative belief. We have no mythology behind us, no minstrelsy. Instead of legendary demigods like Hercules or King Alfred, or David who slew Goliath, we look back to Tom Paine and his "Common Sense," or to Ben Franklin, who invented lightning rods and a new kind of stove, and called poets "the mere waste paper of mankind."

As a nation we don't even know how to read poems, much less write them. Most Americans, confronted with a series of words designed to heighten their consciousness of an experience—and that is what poetry in its pure form is—mistake it for a conundrum. They think their part is to dodge the simple impact of the words, and sneak behind them in search of a moral, or a piece of extra subtle information.

Years ago I visited Jacques Loeb, the famous biologist, at the Marine Laboratories in Woods Hole, Massachusetts. In the dim misty hours of morning we went out on a boat to take up specimens from the ocean floor. I was full of vague, vast emotions born of the thought of the evolution of all life from that same ocean. That is what Jacques Loeb and I had been talking about. He had just accomplished his great feat of hatching a tadpole from the egg of a lady-frog without fertilization, and he showed me the little virgin-born baby. These thoughts and emotions enriched my experience and made me want to preserve it in a poem—for writing poetry is very much like putting up the choicest fruit. Here is a taste of my poem:

The net brings up, how long and languidly,
A million vivid quiverings of life,
Keen-finned and gleaming like a steely knife,
All colors, green and silver of the sea,
All forms of skill and eagerness to be.
They die and wither of the very breath
That voiced your pity of their lavish death
While they were leaping, star-like, to be free.
They die and wither, but the aged sea,
Insane old salty womb of mystery,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But something told me I was being
Watched steadily by something seeing;
I knew I was, although my gaze
Was on the spire of my blaze.

So I turned towards the sea,
And two mild blue eyes looked at me,
And a silky head of jet
Lifted high as it could get.

It was a seal that wondered why
I had taken from the sky
Part of the sun and now saw fit
By his cool waves to play with it.

That is not quite all of the poem, but enough for our purpose, which is to imagine that we are good friends of Tristram Coffin—as I certainly would like to be—and were in the room when he turned and saw that apparition. What would he do? What would he say?

He would say: "Look! Look!" wouldn't he?

And that would be all. He wouldn't have to draw a moral from it, or prop it up with a discourse on zoology, or justify his appeal to our attention by finding some "meaning," or some "criticism of life," hidden around behind the seal's head. No—he would assume, and so would any man really alive, that the experience was worth having for its own sake.

THAT is the attitude in which to approach poetry. If the poet can communicate to you, by lulling your body with meter and rousing your mind with metaphor, the refined, essential quality of any genuine moment of his inner or outer life, or any imagined life, that is enough. Don't ask for more. If you get something more, it is so much velvet. But if you are anxiously on the watch for it, you will miss the whole thing.

Here, for instance, is a poem of mine that does, I hope, give something more. I call it "Egrets." I once had a friend down in Houston, Texas, who loved to paddle around marshy islands taking wonderful pictures of these slender broad-winged, snow-white birds. One day while we were looking at his pictures, my friend's tall, slim daughter—she was the most beautiful thing I saw in Texas—came in and sat silently on the arm of her father's chair, attentive yet remote. In my feelings her beauty merged in some subtle way with that of the birds. I wrote this poem on the train leaving Houston, and, knowing she was soon to be married, I sent it to her as a wedding present.

How delicately they are wild,
On their proud wings how slender,
Or resting in the river mild,
Untameable yet tender.

And you, as delicate as they,
Seem kin to their slim hauteur,
Seem gentle and yet far away
As wings upon wild water.
Give beauty when you give your heart,
Give tenderness a river,
Give love which is the giving art,
But give the wild will never.

That, you see, *is* practical. It gives advice that might almost be called: "What Every Young Girl Should Know." I happen to think that the advice is very important. If I had an opportunity to say one thing and only one to all women, that is what I would say. Just the same, it was incidental in my mind when composing the poem. I was making a poem out of a girl and some wild birds, and this idea came along and invited itself in. And if you focus on it when you read, making it the essential purpose of our meeting amid music, you will miss the meeting altogether. In order to read poetry, you have to assume that experiences are worth getting excited about for their own sake, that being vividly alive is worthwhile.

I know that some poetry lovers will object to this crude separation of a maxim from its poetic setting. The two are not always divided, as they were that time, in the poet's mind. But they are always theoretically divisible. And for the purpose of teaching excessively practical people to enjoy poetry, the division is the main thing. In my youth I proposed an almost chemical experiment by which the two kinds of people, poetic and practical, could be separated from each other. It went this way:

> Gather a throng of people and pour them into a ferry-boat. By the time the boat has swung into the river you will find that a certain proportion have taken the trouble to climb upstairs, in order to be out on deck and see what is to be seen as they cross over. The rest have settled indoors, to think what they will do upon reaching the other side, or perhaps lose themselves in apathy or tobacco smoke. But leaving out those apathetic or addicted to a single enjoyment, we may divide all the alert passengers on the boat into two classes—those who are interested in crossing the river, and those who are merely interested in getting across. And we may divide all the people on the earth, or all the moods of people, in the same way. Some of them are chiefly occupied with attaining ends, and some with receiving experiences.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin would warn us to look.

That is how I distinguished "poetic" from "practical" and I concluded by quoting a few lines from Walt Whitman's "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry." It seems a little antiquated now because the whole population has gone underground. When you rip over to Brooklyn on the subway, there isn't a great deal left of the experience besides getting there. And that is typical of a development that has increased the sad plight of poetry in the United States. We started out excessively practical, excessively preoccupied with getting to goals, and we have invented such rapid and exciting techniques for doing it, that we have lost most of what little inclination we had to cultivate the journey.

It is all summed up for me in the history of our railroad-car windows. They used to be real windows that you could throw up high and have a fresh breeze cooling your face. Out West they used to be double-width, and in a chair-car you could lie back and put your feet out in the breeze if you wanted to. As speed and efficiency have increased, they have trimmed those windows down and blocked their upward action, until they've got us now in a veritable prison of practicality. If we struggle faithfully and with immense determination we *can* put up a car window now. We can put it up just high enough so that a broad red or dark-green bar arrives exactly opposite our eyes and prevents us from seeing anything at all. That is what has happened to us! If we were a poetic people we would have started a revolution against those car-windows.

I hope I haven't conveyed the impression that poetry is interested only in the landscape. Poetry cherishes all experience—sciences, emotions, sensations, actions, ideas, words, syllables, everything—but always with an emphasis on their immediate qualities, not their proper classification, or what is to be done with or about them.

Poetic language might almost be described as the language of love. Poets talk about everything under the sun, good and bad, ugly and exquisite, as a lover talks of his love. They dwell upon its attributes, they invent

(*Continued on page* 43)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Almanac for Fall Reading

AMY LOVEMAN

OCTOBER 26

IN a world of turmoil and tragedy Pitirim A. Sorokin strikes a timely note in *Man and Society in Calamity* in which he discusses the impact of catastrophe and possible ways for the rehabilitation of mankind . . . Thomas Mann, one of the most articulate and highly respected of those honored by Nazi hatred, offers his reflections on the passing scene in *Order of the Day* . . . In *The Art of the Healer,* an eminent physician, Bernard Aschner, discourses on his profession . . . Women who are beginning to discover on their shopping expeditions that shortages exist in all sorts of goods, will welcome Winifred Raushenbush's *How to Dress in Wartime* with its practical advice and suggestions . . . Einar Haugen's new translation and interpretation of *Voyages to Vinland* offers opportunity to the armchair traveller for vicarious journeying . . .

OCTOBER 27

In *The Three Bamboos* Robert Standish presents a fictional chronicle of the Japanese efforts to attain power from the time of the opening of Nipponese Empire by Perry to the attack on Pearl Harbor . . . Item for the circulating libraries: Lloyd C. Douglas's *The Robe* makes its appearance this day. Douglas fans will lap it up . . . The *Gramaphone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music* means another "must" for the music lover's shelf . . .

OCTOBER 28

Good, lively reading in the form of Zora Neale Hurston's autobiography, *Dust Tracks on a Road,* an outspoken, sturdy, breezy portrayal of the Negro novelist's life from her childhood on a farm to college, travel, and literary success . . . One of the most delightful and informing of the books written about America by English travellers to it in the pre-Civil War era is reissued in Harriet Martineau's *Retrospect of Western Travel* . . .

Paul Horgan pictures a small community in the Southwest going about its various activities before the abnormal days of war upset its life in *The Common Heart* . . . Michael F. Guyer has some interesting things to say in *Speaking of Man* . . . Marian Sims's *Beyond Surrender,* a story of the Piedmont district of South Carolina in Reconstruction days, is not only a good story in its own right but a particularly interesting one in the parallel the problems of the post-Civil War South presents to some of those of our own time . . . Aldous Huxley reviews in *The Art of Seeing* experiences with occulists and medical practices by which they are correcting defects of vision . . .

OCTOBER 29

Toscanini, Stokowski, Koussevitsky, Barbirolli, and others constitute interesting subjects for David Ewen's discussion of some of the great orchestras and their leaders in *Dictators of the Baton* . . . James Thurber furnishes comment and illustrations at once humorous and biting in *My World—and Welcome to It* . . . Karl Menninger with the assistance of Jeanette Lyle Menninger delves into some of the secret places of the soul in *Love against Hate* . . .

OCTOBER 30

Augusta Tucker turns back time in its track in *The Man Miss Susie Loved* which chronicles the romance of the elderly spinster who in an earlier novel presided over a boarding house frequented by men of the Johns Hopkins Medical School . . . *Mr. W. and I,* who make their bow this day, are no other than Daniel Webster and his wife Caroline LeRoy Webster from whose diary this book is drawn . . .

OCTOBER 31

Crescent Carnival, a new novel for the Frances Parkinson Keyes fans.

OCTOBER ?

Business, politics, and government come in for some trenchant discussion in Samuel Crowther's *Time to Inquire* . . . John Mason Brown reflects on operations in *Inside Out* . . . One of the most spectacular of American newspaper men, James Gordon Bennett, is presented in the round by Oliver Carlson in *The Man Who Made the News* . . . Betty Kirk's *The Mexican Front* bears the enthusiastic endorsement of former Ambassador Daniels . . . Kay Boyle calls *A Primer for Combat* a novel but it is in actuality a transcription of experience in conquered France . . . New novels by Gale Wilhelm, Erskine Caldwell, Hilda Vaughan, Michael Home . . .

—Colophon, Samuel French Co.

NOVEMBER 2

A poet discourses of his times in Alfred Noyes's *The Edge of the Abyss* . . . Good entertainment—and good literature—in *A Treasury of British Humor,* edited by Morris Bishop . . . In *Plays for Americans* Arch Oboler brings out thirteen new radio dramas . . . Thrills for the detective story lover in *Dig Me a Grave,* by John Spain . . .

NOVEMBER 4

Charles Edward Hayes tells the story of a Kansas farm in *The Four Winds* . . . Stewart H. Holbrook gathers together a batch of present-day heroes in *None More Courageous* . . . Virginia Thompson holds a *Postmortem on Malaya* . . .

NOVEMBER 5

Nothing to commemorate Guy Fawkes and the gunpowder plot . . . The nearest we come to England is Henry Beston's *The St. Lawrence* . . . Explorations in his own country afford a springboard to description of America in Stephen Longstreet's *The Last American Comes Home* . . .

NOVEMBER 6

One of the ace American correspondents of the last war, Will Irwin, writes his autobiography in *The Making of a Reporter* . . . Recollections of an entirely different sort go to the making of Howard Vincent O'Brien's entertaining chronicle of experiences with doctors, *Memories of a Guinea Pig* . . . Ten to one you never heard of him though Muriel Rukeyser calls *Willard Gibbs* an "American genius" in her biography of the distinguished physicist . . . Phil Stong depicts an Iowa community girding up its loins for war in a pleasant novel entitled *One Destiny* . . . Mystery story addicts take notice—there's a tale with the promising title *Rocket to the Morgue* due on this date . . . It's by H. H. Holmes . . .

NOVEMBER 9

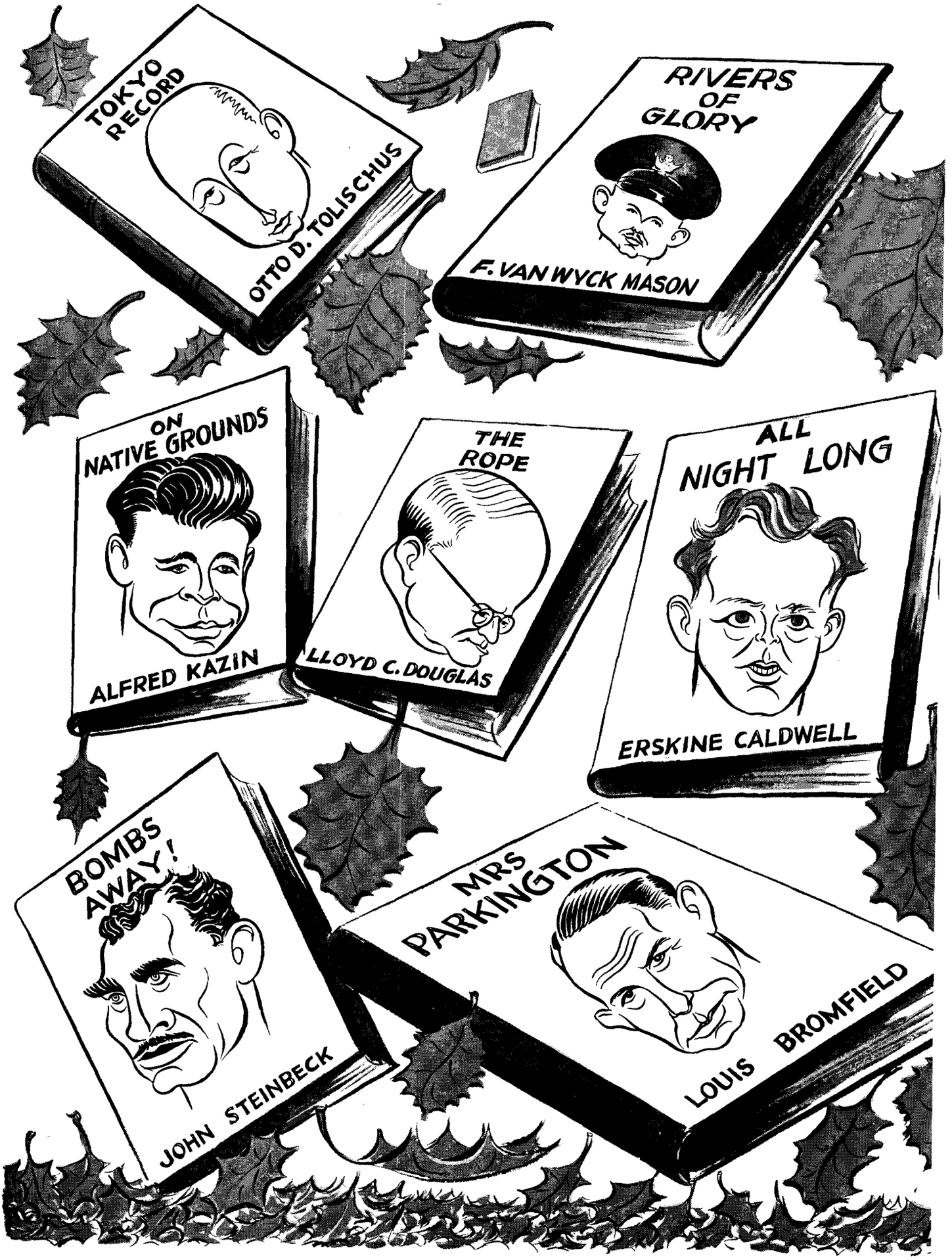
Mathew Gordon's *News Is a Weapon* will make the daily news reports suspect to readers from this day forth . . . Oliver Gramling and a number of other Associated Press correspondents in various parts of the world collaborate in a book entitled *Free Men Are Fighting* . . . Mackinley Helm so skillfully transcribes Roland Hayes's recollections that *Angel Mo' and Her Son Roland Hayes* has all the vividness and ring of autobiography . . . In *America Sings* Carl Carmer gathers together indigenous songs and stories . . . Marie Sandoz issues a colorful life of *Crazy Horse,* Indian chief who fought against the ill-fated Custer . . .

NOVEMBER 10

Frederick Oechsner in collaboration with some other journalists who like himself were imprisoned in wartime Germany writes in *This Is the Enemy*

(Continued on page 14)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Random Galler

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

f Fall Authors

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page* 11)

an account of the growth and various aspects of Naziism . . . *A Treasury of the Familiar,* edited by Ralph L. Woods, is just what its title proclaims . . . *A Latin American Speaks* in Luis Quintanilla's book of that title . . .

NOVEMBER 11

A plentiful repast for lovers of the mystery tale in *The Fourth Mystery Book* which contains long short stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart, Mignon Eberhart, Philip Wylie, Hugh Pentecost, Dana Lyon, and Q. Patrick . . . Three books for a wartorn world: *Citizens in Uniform,* by Konrad Bercovici, *Latin America: Its Place in World Life,* by Samuel Guy Inman, and *The Future of the United Nations,* by Michael Straight . . . A novel on that world: *Sergeant Nikola,* by Istvan Tamas . . .

NOVEMBER 13

Friday the thirteenth, a propitious day for Mignon Eberhart's new mystery, *A Wolf in Man's Clothing* . . .

NOVEMBER 15

Probably to be iconoclastic *The Secret Life of Salvador Dali* is announced for a Sunday . . .

NOVEMBER 16

Still writing under her pseudonym, Ethel Vance in *Reprisal* writes another novel of the war, this time with its action taking place in a French family in Occupied France . . .

NOVEMBER 17

The Beards, Charles A. and Mary R., bring out another in their studies of the United States, *The American Spirit* . . . Della T. Lutes's *Cousin William* offers opportunity for her pleasant portrayal of serene days . . . Anne Terry White makes an excursion into man's past in *Men before Adam* . . . Ogden Nash tempers the gloom of the time with his amusing *Good Intentions* . . .

NOVEMBER 18

An excellent "refresher course" in recent events and reactions to them are presented by text and picture in the *New Yorker War Album* . . . Frances Crane's *The Yellow Violet* hides behind its pleasing title a tale of violence and mystery . . . Our old friend the proletarian novel, somewhat neglected since the outbreak of war, reappears in Maritta Wolf's *Night Shift* . . .

NOVEMBER 19

Red letter event—a new novel by Christopher Morley, *Thorofare,* written in his happiest vein . . . *Jefferson Himself,* edited by Bernard Mayo . . . There's no gainsaying the correctness of Edith Howie's title, *Murder's So Permanent* . . .

NOVEMBER 20

A war correspondent describes what he has seen in Harold Denny's *Behind Both Lines* . . . An eloquent and respected commentator on world affairs speaks in Norman Angell's *Let the People Know* . . . To lighten the grimness of current literature, a volume of poetry, Karl Shapiro's *Person, Place and Thing* . . . For one who would aroving go, Stetson Kennedy's *Palmetto Country,* a description of Florida and the southern parts of Georgia and Alabama . . .

NOVEMBER 23

Harry Hansen, ex-war correspondent, ex-Chicagoan, and present literary editor of the *World Telegram,* turns to quiet waters in a book on Illinois's river *The Chicago* . . . More turbulent than the river, *This Modern Music* comes in for discussion by John Tasker Howard . . .

NOVEMBER 24

The tale of one of the destroyers loaned to Britain is told by John Fernald in *Destroyer from America* . . . Erico Verissimo writes a novel, *Crossroads* . . .

NOVEMBER 25

If you like gossip of the lighter sort about Nazi Germany, here's your meat in Bertha Fromm's *Blood and Banquets* . . . A new novel, *Rivers of Glory,* which carries on the series F. Van Wyck Mason has been writing . . . In *There Go the Ships* Robert Carse tells the heroic tale of one of our merchant ships which sailed in convoy with a cargo of explosives for Russia . . . *The Years of Endurance,* a new volume in the excellent series of studies in English history by Arthur Bryant . . .

NOVEMBER 27

Otto D. Tolischus, foreign correspondent of the *New York Times,* writes of his findings on Japan in *Tokyo Record* . . . In *Post Biographies of Famous Journalists* John E. Drewry has edited a volume of entertaining short sketches of newspapermen . . . *Thirty Days Hath September,* by Dorothy Disney and George Perry, is more ominous than it sounds for it ushers in a detective story . . .

NOVEMBER 30

The month ends with a novel by Margaret Macprang Mackay, *For All Men Born* . . .

NOVEMBER ?

Lift up your own hearts and rejoice that Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough could so happily recapture the joy of a trip taken in their youth as to write a book as blithe and mirth-provoking as *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* . . . Insurance is the hero of Marquis James's *Biography of a Business* . . . Everybody knows of the Oregon Trail, and many people know of and have read Francis Parkman's history of it but not so many know that he permanently wrecked his health in the journeyings in preparation for the book. One of the most remarkable instances in literary history of mind and will power triumphing over the ills of the body is recorded in Mason Wade's *Francis Parkman: Heroic Historian* . . . If you think that *Vogue* Magazine publishes only fashion notes and flimsy fiction, read *Vogue's First Reader,* edited by Frank Crowninshield, and you'll at once recognize your mistake. There's excellent stuff, by excellent writers, in it . . . So is there, less surprisingly, in the *Yale Review Anthology* which is a distinguished collection of contributions that quarterly has published . . . An anthropologist looks at her own country and interprets its traits and attitudes in the light of her scientific knowledge in Margaret Mead's *And Keep Your Powder Dry* . . . Somewhere in the offing is a novel by William Saroyan to be called *The Human Comedy* . . . Since babies seem to be the order of the day there should be a big feminine public for Dr. Frederick C. Irving's *Safe Deliverance* . . . Aimee Buchanan gives good advice to prospective business women in *The Lady Means Business* . . . How the young would remould the world nearer to the heart's desire is the theme of V. Sackville West's novel, *Grand Canyon* . . . Delightful escape from it all—*We Took to the Woods,* by Louise Dickinson Rich . . .

DECEMBER 1

Anything may be expected of a book by Elliot Paul and Luis Quintanilla entitled *With a Hays Ninny Nonny* . . . Lin Yutang should know whereof he speaks in *The Wisdom of China and India* . . . *The Ray Murders,* by M. Scott Michel, sounds gruesome enough to be pleasant . . .

DECEMBER 3

Ione Sandberg Shriber offers a *Body for Bill* and for detective story fans.

DECEMBER 26

Tropic Moon, by Georges Simenon. You guessed wrong. It's not a detective story but a straight novel . . . A good, stout, informed and informative volume is the *Rip Tide of Aggression,* by Lilian G. Mowrer . . .

NEXT YEAR—But Not to Be Missed

The Year of Decision, by Bernard DeVoto . . . *Winter's Tales,* by Isak Dinesen . . . *Headhunting around the Coral Sea,* by Caroline Mytinger.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Confederate Military System

LEE'S LIEUTENANTS. By Douglas Southall Freeman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 773 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

MR. FREEMAN'S subtitle, "A Study in Command," is something of an understatement. His book, the first of three projected volumes, is indeed a study of the training, testing, fitness, and unfitness of the principal Confederate commanders in Virginia (and many lesser ones brilliantly and briefly characterized) from Bull Run to Malvern Hill. But it is also a detailed history of the campaigns they fought, sometimes perhaps a little too detailed for his purpose. Mr. Freeman is the most objective as well as the most distinguished of contemporary Southern students of the Civil War but vestiges of the tradition he has broken through cling to him, and one of them is a willingness to trace small movements in battle of regiments which are remembered more personally in Southern emotion than they are in military history.

As both a history and a critique of the war, the book is a new and independent study, usually based on wider investigation than anything that has preceded it, dispassionate in judgment, obviously authoritative, alive and enthusiastic. Sometimes, as in the study of the much-studied Jackson, it amends the accepted views fundamentally. (Jackson gets more space than anyone else. The Valley Campaigns are superbly done and in Jackson's movement toward and share in the Seven Days, Mr. Freeman displaces Henderson.) And some of the chips that fall from its hewing to the line are no less than iconoclastic. We have come a long way when it can be calmly shown that the Southern soldier had no marked natural ability as a cavalryman, and that the Southern cavalry sometimes fought badly and was sometimes managed stupidly.

Apart from the study of Jackson, the non-specialist student of the Civil War will probably be most interested in the portrait of Joe Johnston. He comes out a great general but something less than a great fighter, a man whose analysis of the situation was usually right, whose foresight was usually justified by events, who conducted campaigns superbly, but who was frustrated not only by his quarrel with Jefferson Davis but by his reluctance to fight till the last possible preparation had been made and the best possible position had been insured —and, Mr. Freeman shows, by insufficient understanding of staff functions and an astonishing indifference to reconnaissance and military intelligence work. Beauregard has been shown up and has left the scene early in the book. By the end of it, Toombs, Cobb, and Gustavus Smith have been exploded. Magruder and Huger have been found wanting, and by implication the former has been saddled with a large share of the failure to defeat McClellan decisively. D. H. Hill and A. P. Hill have shown magnificent fighting qualities and a great deal of the faculty of command which is Mr. Freeman's principal search; deficiencies of both have appeared and, with an eye to things to come, the former has been shown to be a bit unsteady and the latter too quarrelsome. Stuart has been proved a first-rate leader and a master of getting information—and also something of an exhibitionist. Rodes, McLaws, and Gordon have come a long way and promise more. Hampton, Early, Ewell, Longstreet, and Dick Taylor (one is grateful for the attention paid to Taylor, who has been too much neglected) have proved themselves the best in the East and with Hood, whose promise is brilliant, they have had a thorough schooling and have exhibited the qualities of great leadership. The future is in their hands. Sometimes a little too patently, for Mr. Freeman is moving toward the verdict on Longstreet already passed in his "R. E. Lee," and this right arm and plough horse of Marse Robert, who like Johnston was seldom wrong in analysis or prediction, is going to fail at Gettysburg because of qualities he has already shown at the end of this first volume.

These brilliant studies, with many equally shorter ones, are set firmly in a study of the Confederate military system. The division between Davis and his general has already done much damage and the only alleviation of it, the character of Lee, has already begun to work repairs. The quarrels between generals—which cost the Confederacy more in the West than they did in Virginia—have been impersonally dissected. The weaknesses of the enlistment and draft systems have been analyzed. And the nearly fatal slowness in developing a general staff, indeed in learning how to perform the routine duties of army and divisional staffs, has been explored more thoroughly than in any earlier treatment.

The book is a landmark in the study of the Civil War. It would be presumptuous to question its page by page authority. Nevertheless, in breaking through the convention of Southern military studies, Mr. Freeman has not altogether freed himself from it. Just as vestiges of its rhetoric remain in his inversions, his "ere's" and "social glasses," his ready use of "gallant" and the number of Southern generals who look like eagles, so he cannot really bring himself to believe that there were armies and generals on the other side. Thus he comments on the comparative ineffectiveness of Confederate artillery in the Peninsula but he treats that ineffectiveness as purely a failure of Confederate organization and management, ignoring the equally portentous facts that Northern industry was supplying cannons in quantity and Federal generals had learned how to use them. He only occasionally takes into account the fact that there was going on in the Union armies the same testing, rejection, and development that he is studying on the Southern side—that such men as Reynolds, Hancock, Buford, Howard, and Meade were coming on, just as Early and Ewell were, that field and company officers and private soldiers who wore blue were learning their job.

The Civil War, that is, remains for Mr. Freeman primarily a process of Southern development, Southern management or mismanagement, Southern achievement or failure, and only in the second remove a contest. In his "Lee" he devoted a whole chapter to exploring the reasons why Gettysburg was lost, found his answers exclusively in Southern errors and failures, and never once took into account the rather important fact that the Army of the Potomac, with its generals, was also fighting on that field. So here. Lee's failure to wipe out McClellan in the Seven Days was not due solely to Jackson's sluggishness, Magruder's vacillation and ineptness, uncoördinated attacks, faulty army organization, and grotesque failures in staff work. It was also due to other causes and other actions. McClellan, who was at his best here, had something to do with it; so did Hooker and Porter and Slocum and Franklin; so did their commands. One gets from this book little sense that the Confederates' enemy made trouble or even that the enemy existed —little sense that battles imply an enemy or that an enemy can make trouble. This inability is something of a limitation in this book; it may well become a weakness when we have got past Chancellorsville to Gettysburg and move on from there to the Wilderness.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Outpouring of Americana

AMERICAN HARVEST: Twenty Years of Creative Writing in the United States. Edited by Allen Tate and John Peale Bishop. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1942. 544 *pp.* $3.50.

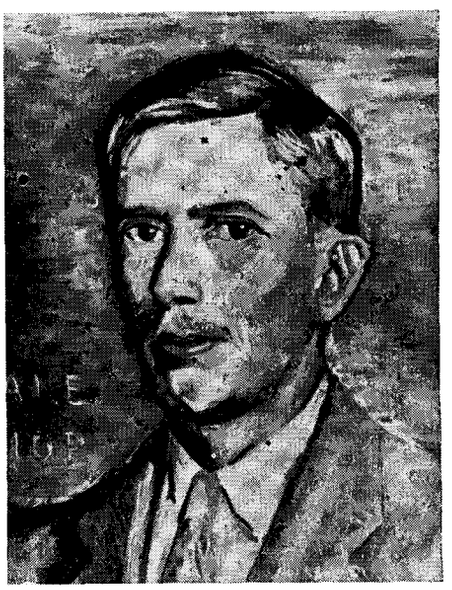
Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

"FOR the first time in the history of this country," begins the "Introduction" to "American Harvest," "it is possible to produce an anthology in which the editors can feel confidence that it represents what is, properly speaking, a literature." The jacket informs the reader, should he still be hesitant, that the collection "has been sponsored by the Office of Inter-American Affairs" and that Mr. Tate has written a special preface for the South American editions, which are to appear simultaneously in Brazil and Chile. And as if further to exhibit their confidence that the collection "represents what is, properly speaking, a literature," the editors have not hesitated to include selections from their own writings. Two poems by Mr. Tate appear on pp. 426-30, and two by Mr. Bishop on pp. 415-18. Edwin Arlington Robinson also has two poems; Mr. Robert Frost has two poems; Mr. Carl Sandburg has two poems. Mr. Tate's poems occupy twice as much space as the poems of Mr. Frost, and Mr. Bishop's poems occupy twice as much space as the poems of Mr. Sandburg.

According to the editors, it was only after the first World War that writers in this country "began to take for granted, as part of a larger culture, French literature from Stendhal and Flaubert to Proust and Valéry, whom we found to be as close to us as Yeats and Joyce." (Poor Henry James and Howells, Frank Norris and Stephen Crane, who, though they knew Balzac and Stendhal, Flaubert and Zola, Paul Bourget and the de Goncourts, lacked a "larger culture!") But the capital point, the editors assure us, is not, after all, this debatable issue; the capital point is that "we began to look as artists on the literary materials offered by American life." ("I find in nearly every one of them [American novelists]," wrote Howells in 1891, "a disposition to regard our life without the literary glasses so long thought desirable, and to see character, not as it is in other fiction, but as it abounds outside of all fiction . . . It is what relates American fiction to the only living movement in imaginative literature, and distinguishes by a superior freshness and authenticity any group of American novels from a similarly accidental group of [European] novels!") "From our experience of Europe," continues the introduction, "we learned first how to be Americans and then how to be American writers." ("We shall draw from the Germans, tenderness; from the Spaniards, passion; from the French vivacity, to mingle more and more with our English solid sense. And this will give us universality, so much to be desired." Thus Longfellow, in 1849.)

But though thus, point by point, most of the editors' introduction can be paralleled in earlier American literature, I wonder what the South Americans will really think of this collection. Down in Buenos Aires they have been reading in *Sur* the essays of Mr. Waldo Frank (who is not in this book) and they have quite different views of what has been important in American literature during the last quarter century. There, as in Germany, the writers of the twenties who have seemed to represent us have been Mr. Upton Sinclair, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, and Mr. John Dos Passos. Of these only Mr. Dos Passos seems to our editors to be worthy, albeit Mr. Lewis won the Nobel prize, Mr. Sinclair is a world figure, and Mr. Dreiser has been translated into various un-American tongues. Mr. Mencken has written a great deal in the twenty years surveyed; Mr. Mencken is conspicuously absent. Miss Ellen Glasgow has been publishing and has won the Pulitzer prize; but Miss Glasgow, though she has been studied in Europe and lauded in the United States, is not worthy. The same is true of Mr. Paul Green. The most widely read long narrative poem of the period has been "John Brown's Body," with its fine opening invocation to the American muse; its author is here represented by a short story. Among the influential and, one would think, representative writers of non-fictional prose (and surely the prose of public event is a great branch of literature) Mr. Walter Lippmann is a leading figure, but Mr. Lippmann is not here, nor (to give up Mr. Lippmann) is anybody like him. For this is ivory-tower literature; one would never suspect from these pages that the literary life of the republic has been shaken by debate, and that the prose of the American twentieth century has discussed great issues as brilliantly as did the writers of the Revolution or the Civil War. But if we do not have this aspect of our literary life represented, we have Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's pleasant chapter on Concord, Mr. R. P. Blackmur's somewhat intricate essay on Emily Dickinson, Mr. Edmund Wilson on Henry James, and an essay by Mr. Eliot. These are all excellent in their way, but their way is scarcely representative of the great literary activity of the century, and since the editors' "chief guide to selection was our own memory of a period in which we had participated in most of its phases," one can only admire and be silent.

Allen Tate



John Peale Bishop

The point is not to make another anthology, the point is the large claims made for this one, sent into the world with the blessing of the Office of Inter-American Affairs and coming forth in the United States, Brazil, and Chile. The editors' taste is not the point; the point is whether this book really represents twenty years of prodigious literary production. Production so competent that the result, we are told, indicates "the presence in America

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the first time of a literature in the sense in which the French understand the word!"

Possibly we do not all understand French in the same way. Is not Zola a French writer? Is not Renan? Is not even the much-abused Hugo a part of French literature? My edition of Gustave Lanson seems to discuss more kinds of writing than are represented by Proust and Valéry; and in the concluding paragraph of that great work I find this sentence: "As France is greater than all its parts, French genius is larger than all esthetic theories." The American muse is, one suspects, larger than the polished litlenesses of Mr. Wallace Stevens, Miss Louise Bogan, Miss Leonie Adams, Mr. Phelps Putnam, Miss Marianne Moore, Mr. William Carlos Williams, Mr. Karl Shapiro, Mr. Hart Crane, and various other authors who here illustrate writing "various and vigorous, serious in intent and accomplished in craft" (I paraphrase the introduction.) These poets are serious, and some of them are accomplished in craft, but are they truly various, are they truly vigorous, are they truly the American harvest of twenty years?

No, this anthology is an excellent representation of interests severely limited, restricted to a special view of the function of literature, a notion of esthetics that descends from Walter Pater. To be sure, Hemingway and Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, and Ring Lardner open the book, and this is good; but once past the fiction in part one, we tend to part company with the intellectual activities, the living thought of the last forty years. The vast outpouring of the American muse, fecund, irregular, lawless, contradictory, flows on like the Mississippi River, but to adjudge properly the tropical variety of our talents requires a suppleness, a catholicity of taste that these editors do not possess. One reading this collection only would infer that the literary life of the nation since 1920 has moved steadily in the direction of what is precious, the peculiar possession of a small coterie, above the battle and out of the world.

But perhaps the editors do not mean by "a literature" what educated people have actually read, perhaps they mean only to include that which as critics they think that people ought to read.

"Sonorous Echo" of France

VICTOR HUGO. By Matthew Josephson. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 501 *pp., and index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

"Who is the greatest of French poets?"
"Victor Hugo, alas!" answered André Gide.

WHY *alas?* Probably because Gide regretted that the most prodigious verbal and rhythmical gifts should have been lavished by Nature on a man who was a great poet, a great writer, even a great man, but who could be neither subtle, nor deep, nor always human. Gide would have liked Baudelaire, or Valéry, or Racine, or Ronsard to be *the greatest* French poet, and so would many French lovers of poetry. But it cannot be helped; Hugo, with all his faults, remains the greatest. . . . Perhaps one should say: because of his faults. . . . For precision of thought, excess of intelligence, hamper the poet, and Paul Valéry himself, most precise and intelligent of men, is the first to acknowlecge that the miraculous coincidence of rhythm and meaning, which is poetry, can only be obtained at the expense of profundity.

It had become very necessary that a new life of Victor Hugo be written. Large quantities of letters, diaries, testimonials, came to light during the last forty years, published by scholars like Guimbaud, or unearthed by collectors like Louis Barthou. Thousands of letters from Juliette Drouet to the illustrious lover who kept her beauty under lock and key, were sifted out and analyzed. Sainte-Beuve's secret and venomous notebooks were now in print. All this material made it possible to paint an entirely new picture of the poet, but up to now it had never been integrated in one continuous narrative.

Matthew Josephson's book answers such a need. It is well informed, well written, well constructed, and very fair. Here and there, one finds strange mistakes. For instance, the writer who explained to Hugo the mysteries of the Cabala was not André Weill, but the well-known Alexandre Weill (Page 264). Madame de Chateaubriand did not ask Victor Hugo to buy "a book of chocolates," which sounds unintelligible, but "a pound of chocolates," the French word *livre* meaning both *pound* and *book.* (Page 75). However these are minor flaws and, on the whole, the book is excellent.

On a certain number of controversial questions, a biographer of Victor Hugo has to take sides. Did Sainte-Beuve lie when he boasted of having conquered the wife of his friend Hugo? Mr. Josephson delivers judgment

Matthew Josephson

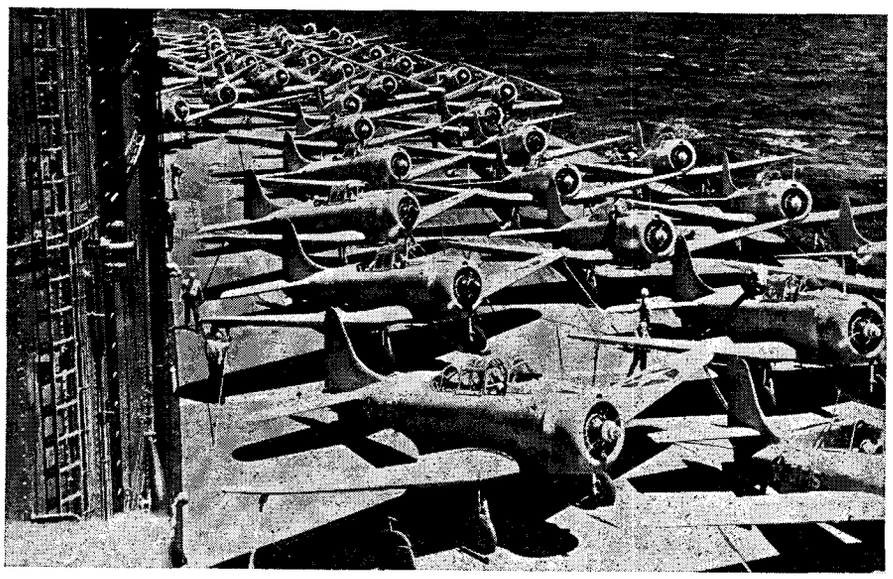
against Sainte-Beuve. Was Victor Hugo an authentic Republican when he rebelled against the dictatorship of Napoleon the Third, or was he moved by a personal grievance? Mr. Josephson returns a verdict in favor of Victor Hugo. On this last point I agree with him. I have no sympathy with the critics who so bitterly derided Hugo's political conversion. That conversion was sincere. Victor Hugo had been brought up by a royalist mother and a reactionary grandfatner. As a young man, he had accepted the ideas of his family. It was later, and mostly thanks to Juliette Drouet, who came from the people and knew the miseries of the poor, that he became acquainted with the sufferings and needs of *"les Misérables."* No one can read that great novel without being struck by the evident sincerity of its tone. Of course it is quite true that Victor Hugo, before being a Republican, had been a Royalist, and later a Bonapartist, but so had a great many Frenchmen, and Hugo was nothing if not "a sonorous echo" of France.

His life makes a beautiful story and Matthew Josephson tells it well. Yet there remains a book to be written on the psychological drama of Hugo. What was, exactly, the history of his ideas? What were his true sentiments towards Adèle, Juliette, Sainte-Beuve? To what extent did he believe in his own vaticinations? These are very subtle problems and it would take several volumes to attempt a solution. But it would be worth while, and I hope Victor Hugo, who is just as important to France as Abraham Lincoln to the United States, will one day find his Carl Sandburg.

André Maurois's latest book, published two weeks ago, is "I Remember, I Remember."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Story of the Ill-Fated "Lexington"



—*U. S. Navy*

The carrier deck of the *U.S.S. Lexington.*

QUEEN OF THE FLAT-TOPS. By Stanley Johnston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1942. 280 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

STANLEY JOHNSTON of the *Chicago Tribune* received the dream assignment of covering the voyage of the U. S. aircraft carrier *Lexington* down into the southwest Pacific looking for trouble, since the Japanese were evidently about to attempt to extend their holdings toward or into Australia and New Zealand. Few of the ship's crew had ever been in action; few, indeed, had crossed the line and there was a ceremony aboard with the usual strange doings when Neptune and his royal court converted polliwogs into shellbacks and made them pay for the Coca-Colas.

Beyond the line the ship and her consorts speeded up; she ran down among the Marshalls, missed in a try to surprise Rabaul, but succeeded in getting her aircraft over the mountains of New Guinea to deliver a terrific surprise attack on Lae and Salamaua. Some of the aviators did not come back; a few, running out of fuel, came down at cannibal-inhabited atolls. Their adventures are duly recorded, with humor and good sense.

With the beginning of the great Japanese movement that came to an end in the series of actions called the Battle of Coral Sea the pace of the book speeds up. The humor and good sense gives place to a feeling of urgency and desperate endeavor. Unfortunately it also gives place to an obscurity which is not the author's fault, but all too clearly the work of the censors in Washington.

What there is left after the scissors got through is a running account of three actions—the attack on Tulagi Harbor, where a Japanese fleet was surprised and sunk down to the last ship, the victorious attack on the Jap carrier *Ryukaku,* and the *Lexington's* last action, when her own planes had to work through clouds and skuds of rain while the enemy found her in the clear. The emotional side, the personal picture, down to the loss of the old ship and the deaths of so many of the members of King Neptune's court, has never been better presented on any occasion. But as an account of the action much of the book has already been rendered obsolete by the navy's habit of withholding permission to publish from one writer and giving it to another a couple of weeks later. Thus Johnston is forced to refer to *Carrier II;* while the book was still in proof the navy let us know this was the *Yorktown.*

But even with these unavoidable defects the book remains about the best personal narrative that has come out of this war and a good companion piece to "They Were Expendable."

An anthology to be known as "War Poems of the United Nations" is being prepared for the Dial Press by the League of American Writers. Joy Davidman, whose volume of poems, "Letter to a Comrade," was published in the Yale Series of Younger Poets in 1938, will edit the volume for the National Board of the writers organization.

Translations will be arranged for by the League, unless the author wishes to furnish his own verse translation or has his own translator available. In other cases, final verse translations will be made by outstanding American poets. A literal prose translation in English accompanying the manuscript, however, would be of great assistance.

Dedicated to "Raw Americanism"

THE ARMY MEANS BUSINESS. By Herbert Corey. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1942. 298 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
COLONEL R. ERNEST DUPUY, G.S.C.

RABELAIS fathered the theme. Gargantuan is the word for this national forcing bed of dragon's teeth from which are already sprouting the armed men to win our war. It is an amazing picture, so vast that to us who stand close its majesty and power escape; we see the coarse mesh of the canvas, the first rude brush-strokes. Mr. Corey, standing afar, has caught the breath-taking ensemble.

Willow Run with raw material at one end and fighting planes taking off at the other. An army of 174,000 expanded to millions, housed, armed, and—in part—already transported to fronts so widely scattered that today the sun never sets on our flag. Engineering tasks so vast that the listing of the accomplishments alone seem braggadocio. Of such things is this book made. For instance, of Albert Kahn, Ford's factory architect, the author says: "Kahn developed a genius for factory building that has not been matched in any other country in the world. That statement is raw Americanism and will annoy all other countrymen in the world, but examine the fact."

"Raw Americanism" is the keynote, in every page. It is rather refreshing in these days when head-shaking and hand-wringing appear to have replaced confidence in some quarters. Coming from an observer who can compare from personal experience our effort today with that of 1917, a certain value must be given his report.

Mr. Corey has attempted a big job in telling the tale of our national effort geared into total war. Carping critics can find many faults in it. The big thing in this book is its tonic quality. The reader ends it with the firm conviction that the Yanks are coming. Paul Bunyans all.

They are.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The First Briton of His Time"

THE UNRELENTING STRUGGLE. By the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill. Compiled by Charles Eade. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1942. 371 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

"HIS merit" (so Macaulay wrote of Lord Chatham) "was almost entirely rhetorical. He did not succeed either in exposition or in refutation; but his speeches abounded with lively illustrations, striking apothegms, well-told anecdotes, happy allusions, passionate appeals. His invective and sarcasm were terrific. Perhaps no British orator was ever so much feared." This is a description of Chatham the orator which some men would apply to Churchill the orator, laying emphasis on that equivocal word rhetorical. But it is an inadequate characterization. Unrivalled among modern speakers in the majesty of his language and the fire of his invective, Winston Churchill has two other gifts which raise him above a Chatham or even a Fox—men with whom he shares a passionate sincerity. One is his lucid analytical power, exercised and developed in his historical labors, which makes him a master of exposition. When he essays the explanation of a complicated situation, as in his great speech of July 29, 1941, on war production, and in his repeated surveys of the progress of the war in Asia, Africa, and Europe, he can draw a picture which enlightens the simplest mind and satisfies the subtlest. His other cardinal gift is his imagination. By virtue of imagination he gains elevation and sweep, he soars above the commonplace, he exalts his hearers, and when he is strongly moved, he is as vivid as a poet.

Fortunate is the land which has a Winston Churchill to speak for it, to thunder at its enemies, to uplift its soul. Chatham, writes Macaulay, was the first Englishman of his time, and he made England the first country of the world. Churchill, we may say, is the first Briton of his time, and he was the voice of Britain when it stood in the breach and saved the world. Of course he is far more than a voice. He is a statesman with a greater practical experience of battle and affairs than any other leader of our time. When we think of the multifarious burden he must bear, the high quality of the wartime speeches collected into this volume (among them the addresses in Washington and Ottawa) becomes doubly impressive. They had to be composed in haste, amid harassing cares and exhausting toils. Early in 1941, if a story current at British Broadcasting House be true, he sent word one afternoon that he was beginning work on his speech scheduled for that night, and it would be fifteen minutes long. An hour later his secretary telephoned that it was progressing and would be twenty-five minutes long. At six she reported that it was nearly finished and would consume thirty-five minutes. So nearly impromptu was one of his finest addresses! They are the outpourings of a full mind and a deeply-aroused spirit, and their spontaneity often gives them added effectiveness.

Stirring as this volume is, full of shrewdness, wisdom, vision, and eloquence, lighted up in spots by humor and elsewhere darkened by vehement indignation, it reflects the limitations as well as the greatness of the man. Every speech here is the utterance of a leader rallying his people to war, pouring scorn on his enemies, and appealing to his allies. They all deal with the conflict. Now the British have proved themselves since the spring of 1940 a magnificent fighting race, but war has not been their only experience. The nation has undergone, or rather has devised and carried through, a far-reaching internal revolution, social, economic, and political. Of that revolution, which would so deeply have impressed and heartened a man like Woodrow Wilson, we catch hardly a glimpse in this volume. It does not interest Mr. Churchill, and he barely takes time to glance at it. To the heroic constancy of the London masses when bombs rained upon them, and to the self-sacrificing industry of the toilers at lathe and forge, he pays due tribute. But of the emergence of these toiling masses to a new social and economic position, and of the transformation of a class-ridden land into one which bids fair to be far more nearly classless than our own—of this momentous change he says little. He is deeply interested in the weapons with which Britons are meeting their assailants; but of the new social services which equally fortify them to resist all shocks he says nothing. And though he speaks again and again of the victory that is coming, he does singularly little even to adumbrate the peace-making that must follow victory. To the new world that must inevitably come, his penetrating vision—so far as the evidence in this volume goes—does not reach out.

Reading the book, we can see why multitudes who regard Churchill as an incomparable war leader are not at all sure that he will be a fit peace leader. But we need not yet think of that. We can meanwhile take this volume for what it is, as perhaps the most arresting and memorable book of war speeches yet produced by any man in any language. Few speeches endure a second reading; some of Churchill's (not all) will endure many. His frequent irony is an almost unique quality. His denunciation can be superb; take the passage which he launched on June 22, 1941, against "this bloodthirsty guttersnipe." Words commonly look small beside deeds; but here are certain accents that will ring down the generations.

—British Press Service

President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill with their naval aides at the famous Atlantic Charter meeting.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hostages to the Dark Ages

HOSTAGES. By Stefan Heym. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 362 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

IN a Prague riverfront café, a German officer vanishes. There are five Czech people on the spot: the psychoanalyst Dr. Wallerstein, the actor Prokesch, a young journalist, the big Quisling industrialist Preissinger, and Janoshek, the toilet keeper. They all are seized as suspects by the Gestapo, and, subsequently, are made part of the score of hostages that is to face the firing squad "if the murderer or murderers are not apprehended, or delivered to the authorities, dead or alive." The five men are locked up in one single cell.

The situation is grandiose, and no-one can blame Mr. Heym for not living up to it. It would indeed require the power of a Dostoievsky to give an adequate presentation of these five people, who not only know they have to die shortly but also come to realize gradually that there wasn't any crime committed at all, and that they are nothing but tools in a ruthless and cynical campaign.

The characters of the unfortunate captives are not too happily chosen by the author: three of them are intellectuals, one is a realistic politician, and none of them has been living the uneventful life of plain Czech folk. Only by confronting—as reality does—the hideous hostage system of the German conquerors with average men and simple family life could the monstrosity of the German method have been fully exposed. But these five are very peculiar persons. The actor and the newspaperman are mutually entangled in a rather unfortunate affair, and Mr. Heym goes to some lengths in portraying their unique troubles. He is, quite obviously, fond not only of the romantic—which makes him frequently run into melodramatic and rhetorical *scènes à faire*—but also of sex and brothel scenes which he depicts with a naturalism which can hardly be surpassed.

Stefan Heym

By intertwining the original plot with an "underground" yarn, the author, apparently, wanted to give his story both a wider background and a deeper political meaning. But, unfortunately, he seems to have been carried away by his sense of the theatrical. This is why Breda, the courageous young underground worker, as well as Milada, the girl, who, step by step, is shifted to the center of the intrigue, is drawn somewhat conventionally.

The most inspiring figure of the novel is Janoshek, the toilet keeper. True, he owes most of his outward traits, especially the quixotic habit of telling seemingly pointless anecdotes, to Jaroslav Hašek's immortal "Good Soldier Schweik." But, in the end, he grows and gains the originality and the real stature of a hero—not only in the theatrical sense of the word. Here, the author has not failed. He has succeeded in making credible the fact that a simple Czech handy-man uses, in his last breath, the very words which Jan Hus spoke centuries ago at the stake.

Mr. Heym has remarkable skill. In spite of the shortcomings and the patent unevenness of this first novel, both his power of imagination and his psychological insight are notable. Nor is there any doubt as to the sincerity of his wrath. His trouble is that his own ardent desire for retribution gets the better of him as a narrator.

Inside Warring China

JOURNEY INTO CHINA. By Violet Cressy-Marcks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1942. 324 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by NYM WALES

SO-CALLED world travelers are usually much too interested in chalking up mileage to gather material for really good books about the countries they visit. Violet Cressy-Marcks is a traveller and explorer in varied regions, but this fine book has depth as well as all the elements that make up fast and exciting travel narrative; though some readers might be as well pleased had she skipped a few side excursions into ancient Chinese history and studied a little Wade spelling of Chinese names. The journey she describes was an unusual and fascinating one in spite of its rather prosaic title similar to many other recent books.

This intrepid Englishwoman organized her own expedition in 1938 on the banks of the Irrawaddy and went by mule caravan through Burma jungles and little-known Yünnan Province over the difficult and romantic terrain that later became the Burma Road. This was then one of the few primitive trips remaining on the globe that gave the traveler the feeling of exploration. It was across the superb cousins of the Himalayas and the mighty Salween and Mekong rivers, bridged by ropes and chains and bamboo. Sparsely-populated Yünnan, where aborigine tribes still linger, is far the loveliest province in China, and the author's description of it and of life among her opium-smoking muleteers and servants is altogether delightful. The many photographs throughout the volume are exceptionally good.

From the outset Miss Cressy-Marcks was determined to visit the Chinese Communists in their capital, having learned much of them from some unnamed acquaintance who had once been with their leader, Mao Tsê-tung. One is inclined to agree with the comment of Brigadier-General Sir Percy Sykes in his introduction saying, "For me the most interesting portion of the book is a graphic description of the traveler's visit to the Red Army. Its able general impressed her deeply as did the earnestness shown by his devoted followers of both sexes." This is in line with the general impression carried away by the few foreigners who have been able to penetrate this region, of whom Miss Cressy-Marcks was one of the last.

"Journey into China" is not only a first-rate travel book picturing both the ageless China and the modern China at war with Japan, but also an extremely interesting and intelligent interpretation of that nation's place in the whole international picture, and especially of its relations with Soviet Russia. It is filled with provocative and shrewd comments on many subjects, ranging from British foreign policy, Litvinoff, and the Finnish war to Chinese methods of agriculture. As to the question on Chinese resistance which everyone asks the returned visitor, the author replies, "although China still has a great deal to learn, and a long way to go, the good chances of victory over the Japanese which they have today are little lessened."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Memoir of an Austrian Ex-Nazi

BETWEEN HITLER AND MUSSOLINI. By Prince Ernst Rüdiger Starhemberg. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 281 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED WERNER

A MAN with the character and political notions of Prince Starhemberg, one-time Vice-Chancellor of Austria, might well have fitted into Renaissance Italy or, still better, into the Germany of the Thirty-Years' War. For the young democratic Austrian republic a condottiere like him was a great danger. "I made a good soldier. I enjoyed war. . . . Every time I went on leave, I was back with my regiment before the time expired," is all the officer's son has to say when referring to the first World War. "I confess that the idea of sitting at a desk and keeping office hours, of hearing official reports and dealing with files, appeared to me grotesque. As long as politics meant fighting and the arena was a political platform, I found them very interesting," is another significant remark of the author who, for more than ten years, played the role of the "Assassin of Austrian democracy."

These were exactly the words used by Colonel Wedgewood when, more than a year ago, this veteran Laborite indignantly asked in a session of the House of Commons why Starhemberg was allowed to fight for democracy. Meanwhile the refugee prince has broken with De Gaulle—the general, another versions runs, is said to have dismissed Starhemberg on account of his Memoirs, first published in England—and left the Free French Forces where he had served as a pilot. In a preface, written at Buenos Aires, his present domicile, for the American edition of his work, the author excuses himself for not even having read over the manuscript which he had hurriedly dictated in England when on leave. One wonders whether he might have omitted some of the brutally frank and rather incautious political "confessions," had he been given time to revise the text. As it is, the book with its undiminished admiration for Mussolini and Italian Fascism and its frequent attacks upon the democratic idea, will hardly win friends for Starhemberg in this democratic country.

A descendant of a distinguished old Austrian family—one of the photos in this book shows the author standing in front of the monument of the seventeenth century Starhemberg who valiantly defended Vienna against the Turks—he embarked upon political adventures after 1918 and became an organizer of one of the anti-Marxist "Self-defense" units, the nucleus of the later Austrian Heimwehr (Home Guard) or Heimatschutz (Home Defense). He was also a member of the German Free Corps that fought against the Russians in the Baltic Provinces and against the Poles in Upper Silesia, and one of the rebels who, under Hitler, staged the unsuccessful Munich coup d'etat of 1923. The latter episode is, strangely enough, not even referred to in this book, while considerable space is given to one of his minor "deeds": the cunning stealing of howitzers and ammunition from Austrian artillery depots for Major Pabst, chief of staff of the Tyrolese Heimwehr.

Through this army, (and through Mussolini's "large contribution towards our election campaign") he gained political influence and Chancellor Vaugoin appointed him Minister of the Interior. "I frankly admit that I entered the Cabinet with the object of bringing about a coup d'etat." But while, a faithful disciple of Mussolini, he despised the Austrian parliament as "a tilting-ground of wildest demagogy," he soon remembered the advice of his first teacher, Hitler, that "power must first be seized by legal methods."

From 1932 when Chancellor Dollfuss came to power, to 1936 when Starhemberg was ousted by Chancellor Schuschnigg, he was Austria's Second Man, sharing the responsibility for numerous acts of grave injustice and the terrible political blunders of the semi-Fascist regime. He refuses, however, to be held responsible for the slaughtering of the Socialist workmen in February, 1934, and shifts the whole guilt onto the "unscrupulous" Major Fey, the other Heimwehr leader, a member of the Dollfuss cabinet whom he also charges with having played a part in the assassination of Dollfuss by the Nazis in July, 1934. (Despite his allegedly good relations with the Nazis, the madly ambitious Fey was killed by his "friends" in the first days of the Anschluss.)

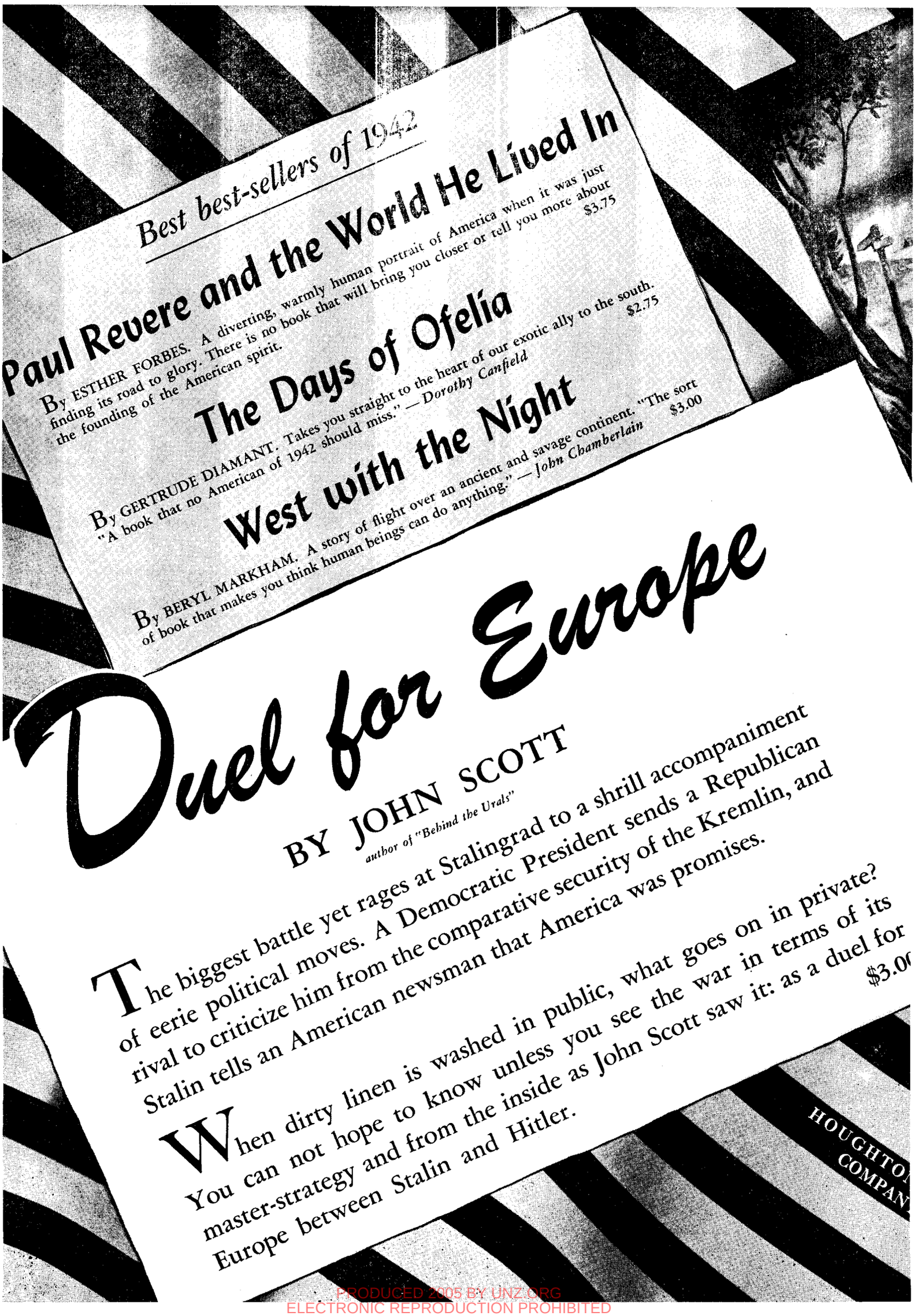
Starhemberg claims that he, as a former Nazi, was better fitted to combat the Nazi danger than was the cultured last Austrian chancellor, Dr. Schuschnigg, whose reservedness he characterized with the remark: "You can't get near to Schuschnigg, he is always behind his spectacles." On the other hand, it was primarily Starhemberg who undermined the Austrian power of resistance by continuously plotting an overthrow of the Schuschnigg regime which, in his eyes, was not Fascist enough. This reviewer can well remember the laughter that rang throughout Austria when Schuschnigg, to get rid of his one hundred per cent Fascist cabinet members, made Fey director of the Danube Steamship Company, while Starhemberg, famous for his preference for married women, was made honorary president of the Austrian Mother's Aid Society. . . .

Prince Ernst Rüdiger Starhemberg

The most interesting chapters of the book describe Starhemberg's visits to Hitler and Mussolini. Once, in the middle of a political conversation, Hitler suddenly started speaking or rather shouting for forty minutes on the history of architecture, hitting the table with his fist three times after the "lecture," saying: "And it is so, and every other opinion is wrong." Il Duce used to call the Fuehrer "a horrible sexual degenerate, a dangerous fool," referring to him as "questo polichinello" (that clown). According to Starhemberg, Mussolini was decidedly opposed to the Anschluss: ". . . Austria must live. Prussians on the Brenner Pass would mean war. But let war come rather than that Austria should become part of Greater Germany." The Italian dictator maintained that he should not be interfered with by the Western Powers: "If Italy grows weak, Germany will grow strong. Only a strong Italy can keep Germany in check." Starhemberg, unfortunately, fails to reveal how he had come to know that Mussolini still held these views one week before the invasion of Austria by the Nazis.

Altogether, Starhemberg's unpretentiously styled memoirs are well worth reading, for they reveal the gangsterism that ruined Austria long before 1938, making it "ripe" for Nazism. It is regrettable, however, that he apparently still believes that the Austrian brand of "moderate" Fascism, as represented by the Heimwehr, would have been an efficient and desirable bulwark against Nazi Fascism.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Best best-sellers of 1942
Paul Revere and the World He Lived In
By ESTHER FORBES. A diverting, warmly human portrait of America when it was just finding its road to glory. There is no book that will bring you closer or tell you more about the founding of the American spirit. $3.75
The Days of Ofelia
By GERTRUDE DIAMANT. Takes you straight to the heart of our exotic ally to the south. "A book that no American of 1942 should miss." — Dorothy Canfield $2.75
West with the Night
By BERYL MARKHAM. A story of flight over an ancient and savage continent. "The sort of book that makes you think human beings can do anything." — John Chamberlain $3.00
Duel for Europe
BY JOHN SCOTT
author of "Behind the Urals"
The biggest battle yet rages at Stalingrad to a shrill accompaniment of eerie political moves. A Democratic President sends a Republican rival to criticize him from the comparative security of the Kremlin, and Stalin tells an American newsman that America was promises.
When dirty linen is washed in public, what goes on in private? You can not hope to know unless you see the war in terms of its master-strategy and from the inside as John Scott saw it: as a duel for Europe between Stalin and Hitler.
$3.00
HOUGHTON COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Come Back to Wayne County

BY JAKE FALSTAFF

author of "Jacoby's Corners" and "The Big Snow"

A story of young love at Jacoby's Corners. Sterling North says of the author, "Despite his earthy nature, Jake Falstaff had a rare poetic turn of mind and a mastery of the language which is the despair and delight of ordinary mortals."

$2.00

Distinguished Fall Books

Best American Short Stories, 1942

Edited by MARTHA FOLEY. A selection of the best in this important year. "Packs more punch than the last three put together, and is highly recommended to you." — *Saturday Review of Literature* — *Bennett Cerf,* $2.75

Under a Thatched Roof

By JAMES NORMAN HALL. A recounter of adventure tells you what he thinks of it all from his vantage point of Tahiti, once the center of peace, now the center of war. $2.50

Fiesta in November

Edited by ANGEL FLORES and DUDLEY POORE. A portrait in fiction of that mysterious and passionate continent to the south. $3.00

IFFLIN
UBLISHERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
BOARD OF EDITORS
Editor
Norman Cousins
Associates
William Rose Benét
Henry Seidel Canby
Amy Loveman
Harrison Smith
President
Published by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

HOW TO FIGHT AGAINST THE UNITED NATIONS

HERE are some interesting items from the news of the week:

Item No. 1: Gardner Cowles, Jr., who left his job as newspaper and magazine publisher to join the Office of War Information, and who accompanied Wendell Willkie on the latter's now-famous world tour, returns a worried man. The United Nations are being weakened, he says, because they don't seem to realize what the word united means. England and China are at odds. England and Russia are at odds. Differences are becoming so intense, he adds, that it may become "virtually impossible to put the world together again in some sort of workable shape after the war."

Item No. 2: Edward Murrow, CBS correspondent in London, reports bitter resentment in Britain growing out of an article in the American magazine *Life,* which accuses the British people of fighting a war to hold the British Empire together, and warning Great Britain to mend her ways if we are both to stay on the same side. Mr. Murrow, who has seen at first hand what kind of war is being fought, says the *Life* article makes "curious and bewildering reading," and quotes the liberal *Daily Herald,* hardly a fire-eating imperialist, as saying that the *Life* allegations reflect either "monstrous ignorance or monstrous malice."

Item No. 3: Harold Callender, *New York Times* Washington correspondent, says that German propaganda is having a field day with stories of United Nations' disunity. To Americans, the Nazi radio gleefully repeats and rubs in *Life's* complaint that Americans are dying to hold the British Empire together. Mr. Callender also observes that the Nazi radio is telling the British that they are stupidly fighting and dying for the United States, which is piece by piece taking over their Empire. United States policy is described as "a race for pawns," with Africa and India the first American objectives.

LET'S see now. Two years ago, when the Nazi blitzkrieg ripped through France, when night after night the Luftwaffe dropped its cargo of dynamite over London and the British people stood alone, when only a miracle, it seemed, could save the only kind of a world we wanted to live in or could live in—did we become pompously self-righteous about British shortcomings? Did we question their sincerity then? You bet we didn't. Brother, all we did was pray, and pray hard. Whatever it was that Britain stood for, imperialism or anything else, all of it suddenly became very valuable and important, so valuable and important that all our instinct, all our intelligence cried out that unless the miracle happened, a ceiling might also be lowered over America and the American dream. The miracle happened.

One year ago, American newspapers headlined the imminency of the fall of Moscow. Nazi steel and powder were blasting their way through to the Russian capital. Evacuation of Moscow was in full swing. The government ordered the diplomatic corps and correspondents to move on back to the provisional capital, then being set up. Germans reached the suburbs of Moscow. Russians fought doggedly. Americans had the jitters. Capture of Moscow might not have meant the end of the war. But it would have been perilous enough. Oh, we were magnificent then. We were with the Russians to the last man, all right, all right. We talked a beautiful fight. Did we talk about our differences? Shucks, no. We re-arranged our cushions and cheered the Russians on till we were hoarse. For we knew only too well what our own stake in that battle was. And another miracle happened.

Eleven months ago come November 7. . . . But why go on? All that matters, apparently, is that there's no danger of the world collapsing in the next twenty-four hours, no full-blown crisis threatening to blow up at any second. And so we put our hats back on, the kind we talk through, and start getting chipper again. That blankety blank who helped us onto his life raft was too damned slow; besides, he tore our coat when he pulled us on, the dummox. And willya look at the way he rows. Where does he think he's headin', anyway? He'd better watch out, or we'll fix him. We'll jump back in again, we will!

—Shenton

What's the matter? Can't we stand the prosperity of a brief respite? What is this crisis complex that opens the eyes of the United Nations in general and the United States in particular to our mutualities only when raw disaster seems but inches away, and then just as promptly closes our eyes to anything but differences as soon as those inches become yards? This has been going on all through history—back through the World War all the way to the Graeco-Persian Wars, and long, long before that to the cave men; and it should occasion no surprise that it is happening again. But just because the tendency seems rooted in human nature is no reason for us to aggravate it, intensify it, exploit it. It is no reason for us to fail to attempt to keep it in check, no reason to fail to recognize the peril inherent in our propensity for divisiveness and recrimination.

To be specific, and quite apart from such differences as may grow out of what we do or may fail to do, what we say and how we say it is important. Our attitudes are important. Drawing distinctions is important. When Americans criticize America, anything goes. When Americans criticize our fighting partners, something more is required. Knowledge, tact, intelligence become mandatory. Certainly our allies are not above criticism, but it should be possible to conduct that criticism on a plane and in a spirit and in a phraseology that is neither obnoxious nor offensive to the people involved, nor inconsistent with the common objectives.

If in doubt, there are other tests. Would such criticism be made during time of imminent peril? Would *Life,* for example, have published its letter telling the British people what kind of war to fight if Britain were in the same dramatic peril today as she was in September, 1940? That is a fair question, because any action or statement based on the belief that the present danger is not critical, is based upon an illusion. Because the bald truth is that the acute crisis will not be over until the war is over. The danger is as great and as near as it ever was. Maybe we had better act accordingly.

N. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Wrong Witches

SIR:—I notice [*SRL, Sept.* 26] that Mr. Bryson refers to "17*th century Puritan diviner who . . . burned witches to the glory of God . . . We need not, at the moment, care whether our witch-burning ancestors lived a happy or an unhappy life.*"

Now, I am a descendant of the New England Puritans (including a well-known divine) and while I realize my 17th century ancestors did things of which we would not approve, there was one thing they did *not* do and that was to burn witches. Any student of New England history knows that there was never a witch burned by white people in New England.

This fiction about the burning of witches seems to have more lives than a cat and crops out in the most unexpected places. A few years ago I heard a minister in his sermon refer to the burning of witches in New England and when I reminded him that this was something that never happened he said with surprise, "Why I read about it in a book." So I suppose some day a man will back up his assertion by saying, "Why, I read about witch burning in the *Saturday Review of Literature.*"

EDWARD M. SMITH.

North Hampton, N. H.

The I. Q. of Ants

SIR:—It seems strange to me that Mr. De Voto in his latest book resulting from a perusal of the MSS. left by Mark Twain omitted to mention Mark Twain's learned studies on the I.Q. of ants, details of which he once confided to me, stating at the same time that the MSS. of these elaborate experiments along hyper-scientific lines were locked up in safe-deposit boxes along with other literary treasures that were not to be given to the printer until after his death. And as the stories are two of Mark Twain's best, I am the more puzzled at Mr. De Voto's omission of them in his recent book.

J. R. CLEMENS.

Webster Groves, Mo.

For Shame!

SIR:—In the *SRL* for October 10, one Jim Tully dares to link Henry Adams and John L. Sullivan, to the detraction of the former. And you blithely print it! For years I've known the catholicity of taste of your editors but here you stretch tolerance to the breaking point. Hence this tirade.

John L. was a great man—far greater than those whose gore has spattered ringside fans ever since. But link him with one most cultivated American—how would you?—or rather how could you let Tully slip this over? In a tussle with the editors of our greatest dictionary, I once asked them whether definitions reflected the current patter of the street or the usage of those most competent to set it. I ask you, in a similar quandary, does your revered editorial board think the *SRL* is the place to link a bruiser and Brahmin, "who was less successful than the gladiator."

NORMAN TAYLOR.

New York, N. Y.

"Remember to return by midnight, or I'll change it back to a tank."

The Professor and Pegler

SIR:—One of the most delightful things I have read in weeks is Professor Edman's top-lofty review of Westbrook Pegler's recent book. The good professor actually starts off by announcing that he has manfully resisted the impulse to write like Pegler. I for one thankfully applaud his decision—especially after reading further along in his review a sample of what he fondly imagines is a Peglerism. And what is this gem? The best he can produce in the Peglerian manner is—believe it or not—"log cabin noodle!" Seriously, could anything be funnier? Nowhere in his review does the learned philosopher indicate that he is even remotely aware that he is dealing with the nation's most influential and courageous journalist, and one of its sharpest wits. But all is not lost. A far greater catastrophe would be for Pegler to try to write like Edman.

E. N. EMMETT.

Berkeley, Calif.

A Word to the Wise . . .

THE OFFICE OF CENSORSHIP

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIR:—We yield to no one, not even to Sherlock Holmes, in our interest in the PERSONALS column of *The Saturday Review of Literature.* Like Holmes, we feel there can be more in the intriguing items than meets the eye.

We refer, in the issue dated Saturday, Oct. 10th, to:

> IF YOU ARE IN SERVICE—a Private or General. If you are eager to receive entertaining letters from an attractive young woman. Write and see what happens. Box 581-G.

Now that is an interesting invitation, one likely, it would seem, to attract weary and lonely men far from the refining and compelling appeal of women, but not too far to be reached by that appeal, *The Saturday Review,* and the mails.

For good reasons—elementary reasons, Holmes would say—correspondence that might grow from an advertisement of this nature, between service men and persons not known to them, is in violation of existing War Department instructions to all military personnel. The Office of Censorship has brought this to the attention of all publications and clubs encouraging such correspondence that we have found and all have agreed to discontinue such encouragement.

We do not for a moment question the purposes of *The Saturday Review,* nor do we question the advertisement set out above except as an example. But it is well known that the general plan can be used by enemy agents to obtain information. So for security reasons we are presenting this matter for your attention.

As Holmes might have said: There is nothing that so confounds cleverness as simplicity. Will not *The Saturday Review* do the simple thing and decline to aid those seeking correspondence with service men?

N. R. HOWARD.

Assistant Director (Press).

[Mr. Howard's point is well taken. Henceforth, no Personals addressed to service men as invitations to letters will be published in these pages. Personals advertisers please note.—Ed.]

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A New Book of Essays by

VIRGINIA WOOLF

"In closing this third volume of Virginia Woolf's addresses to her Common Reader one is impelled to say that no reading of her best work can be called complete without a knowledge of it, without the delight of hearing her genius speak again." HORACE GREGORY, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

The Death of the Moth

and other Essays

Virginia Woolf's first collection of essays in ten years contains 28 pieces presenting nearly every facet of her work. $3.00

THE JUST AND THE UNJUST

predicted by many critics as
the next Pulitzer Prizewinner

JAMES GOULD COZZENS

$2.50

The First Book of Poems by
RANDALL JARRELL

Includes, besides unpublished work, verse which has appeared in the *Southern Review, Kenyon Review, Partisan Review, New Republic, Poetry, Atlantic Monthly, New Yorker,* and in the 1940 New Directions anthology of *Five Young American Poets.* $2.00

BLOOD FOR A STRANGER

THE FILM SENSE

"Without question the most instructive discussion of the film art yet put between the covers of a book."
—BOSLEY CROWTHER,
N. Y. Times Book Review

Authorized Translation by JAY LEYDA

by EISENSTEIN

Illustrated, $3.00

VIRGINIA WOOLF
By E. M. FORSTER

A short, warm and poetic evaluation. $1.00

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN CULTURE

"It is not too late to learn the lesson that Constance Rourke's life and work taught. For it is only by drawing on the roots of American culture that we shall gather the toughness and courage and self-confidence that will enable us to live through the menacing days that lie ahead."—LEWIS MUMFORD,
The Saturday Review

by

Constance Rourke

Edited and with a Preface by
Van Wyck Brooks $3.00

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE TRAGEDY

TIME MAGAZINE: "Few novels are as absorbing as this collective biography of the Pre-Raphaelites; few are as funny."

by WILLIAM GAUNT

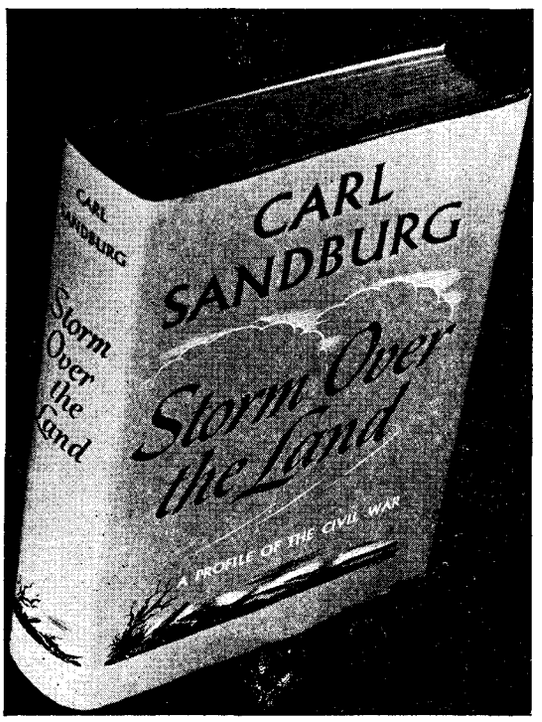
$3.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Publishing Event! This Book by

CARL SANDBURG



The story of the four tremendous years of the Civil War, when the United States of America had its national unity hammered out in storm.

To reveal in one volume a picture of those years, Carl Sandburg has drawn mainly on his great biography ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE WAR YEARS. It is a narrative unmatched in dramatic suspense because it is our own drama, the storm over our own land.

Storm Over the Land

Mr. Sandburg has collected especially for this volume the materials for the photographs, drawings, and maps that generously illustrate it. $3.50

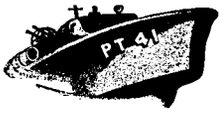
You have heard about

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

the story of our PT Boats in the Philippines, as told by Bulkeley, Kelly, Akers and Cox to

W. L. WHITE

Have you read it yet?



$2.00

"One of the freshest and most vigorous first novels of the year . . . A good story and an entertaining one."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*

"More satisfying than a month's free passes to Broadway shows." — ROSS FELD, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books*

Quicksilver

"A real, convincing novel about the theatre." — HARRY HANSEN, *N. Y. World Telegram*

by FITZROY DAVIS

620 pages $3.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

CHICAGO'S blazing newspaper war, begun when Marshall Field's *Sun* challenged the supremacy of the fabulous *Tribune*, has spilled over into the field of books. The *Sun*, not yet one year old, fired the first gun when it announced that it would be the first American newspaper outside of New York to carry a special tabloid book review section every Sunday. The new feature was scheduled to make its bow on November first, under the editorship of A. C. Spectorsky.

The *Chicago News* already had an outstanding book department, edited by the dynamic Sterling North. The *Sun's* coup meant, therefore, that, in the world of books at least, the mighty *Tribune* suddenly found itself a very definite third! Anybody who has ever met Colonel McCormick can imagine how long he would permit that state of affairs to exist without a counter-attack!

The book department has become an important feature of a metropolitan newspaper—particularly today, when book advertising is one of the few classifications that has not suffered a drastic cut in lineage. One of the last great newspapers to recognize that fact was the *Chicago Tribune*. Fannie Butcher is a top-ranking reviewer and editor, but nobody in the world could have made much of a showing in the dinky amount of space that was allotted to her.

On October 2, however, the Colonel's *Tribune* rushed out an announcement that it, too, was inaugurating a Sunday book section. Furthermore, it was beginning on October 18—two weeks before the *Sun's* debut. "The beginning will be modest," said the letter; "we hope to have a real section underway soon afterwards." The doughty Colonel seems to be on the warpath at last—and, whatever you may think of his editorial policy, he is an uncompromising fighter. We hope that he'll stop sniping at the Administration long enough to take a personal hand in the new book pages. If he does, Michigan Boulevard is likely to witness more doings than it's had since the Capone family moved to Florida.

This column is being written before either of the new Chicago sections appear, but we promise you a full report later on. Meanwhile, we hail the *Sun* for its vision and enterprise in seizing the offensive. Chicago's booksellers can plunge into the holiday season with a song in their hearts . . .

WE'RE GETTING pretty darned sick of pixieish references to Shangri-La. If it's a different world you're looking for, Beacon Hill, Boston, is less than two hours by plane from the hurly-burly of Broadway, and there's no need whatever to travel any further. The streets, the houses, and the inhabitants of Beacon Hill have a quality entirely their own. A full September moon was shining, and not a soul was stirring, when Bob Hillyer led us down Pinckney Street at two in the morning recently. Had Paul Revere suddenly clattered by on his horse we could not have been more completely enchanted.

The Hillyers had thrown open their Dorothy Draperish house in honor of the publication of "My Heart for Hostage," and, by the time we arrived, the aristocracy of Boston's book world was present in force. Alfred McIntyre was a member of a quartette that was warbling an astonishing version of "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle." Henry Laughlin, Lovell Thompson, Ted Weeks, and Benny de Voto were posing for a photograph. Dale Warren and an unidentified blonde bombshell were in the midst of such a torrid rhumba that Dale suddenly threw a lifetime of decorum to the winds and discarded his waistcoast. The John Dos Passos' came up from Provincetown and the Ray Everitts came down from their farm north of Boston. Ray dismissed compliments on the new Little, Brown list as a matter of course, but waxed really eloquent on the subtle difference between cow and pig manure. We never realized that you had to be a farming expert to know *that*! Alice Bond and Dorothy Hillyer smoked a long pipe of peace, while Teedles Perry, Frances Darling, Katherine Bannister, and the Paul Rosseters speculated on how the pact would affect the future literary pages in the *Globe* and the *Herald*. Bush Campbell, Dick Fuller, the Mark Schorers, Elizabeth Hull, Anne Ford, Charles Morton, Paul

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

KINGS IN LITERATURE

Since royalty is disappearing so rapidly that it will soon survive only in literature, Miss Haviland Nelson, of San Francisco, thinks it a suitable time to make a bow to the twenty kings briefly described below. Allowing 2½ points for each one you can name, and another 2½ if you can name either the story in which he appeared or the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 38.

1. What ancient British king was a lifelong friend of his queen's lover?
2. What Carolinian king had a queen with a fancy for beheading?
3. What oriental king's defeat hung upon the foaling of a mule in his camp?
4. What ancient king was a great poet?
5. What king offered to trade his realm for a horse?
6. What legendary Greek king threw his daughter to the winds?
7. What fictional king, unavoidably absent from his own coronation, was represented by his cousin on the left hand?
8. What king was murdered when his brother poured poison into his ear?
9. What king lamented tunefully that he was divisible into two?
10. What king blinded himself because he had unwittingly killed his father and married his mother?
11. What British king, as the result of family troubles, wandered abroad with a fool and a reputed madman?
12. What king was led to abandon his program by listening to unfinished stories?
13. What king was impersonated by a Mississippi vagabond?
14. What French king was fond of invoking the saints' images on his cap?
15. What English king was captured by an outlaw whom he subsequently pardoned?
16. What king married a beggar maid?
17. What legendary king spent his life following the Questing Beast?
18. What king was a merry old soul?
19. What king was Solomon's building contractor?
20. What king appealed to Sherlock Holmes to recover his photograph from an adventuress?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brooks, A. S. Burack, the Ken Murdochs, and George Frasier and his lovely bride were only a few of the other notables in view. Boston had not seen such a literary festival since the Little, Brown Anniversary Dinner five or six years ago.

Before we took the train for home the next morning, we visited Bush Campbell at the main office of the Personal Book Shop. In less than a decade, Bush, his brother, and Mrs. Hall have built a chain of retail book outlets in Greater Boston that ranks with the most important stores in the country . . .

LITERARY FOLK are getting a laugh out of an embroglio involving *Variety* and J. J. Shubert. The priceless theatrical weekly stated that Mr. Shubert was seventy-four cents short in rehearsal payments to performers in an ill-starred little number called "Cocktails—Five to Seven." Mr. S. entered a libel suit for one hundred thousand dollars. Commented *Variety*: "It certainly makes *Variety* feel good when somebody thinks the rag has $100,000 to shell out. To ask 100 G on a 74c investment is not mathematically sound." . . . Captain Donald Klopfer, who sits at the desk across from us in peace times (it seems mighty empty now) but is at present in the U. S. Air Force, relays the story of a Polish draftee who was undergoing an intelligence test. "What is R.F.D.?" was the question. The Pole scratched his head for a moment and then proudly replied, "Ranklin Felano Doosevelt." . . .

PERSONAL NOTES: Tom Costain's daughter Molly, a mainstay of the Curtis, Brown forces for several years, has married Howard Haycraft, the detective story authority, and v.p. of the H. W. Wilson Company. Before she joined the literary agency, Miss Costain was a member of the *Saturday Review* staff, which has never ceased to mourn her departure. Now she has gone to Washington, where, at the moment, Mr. Haycraft is doing information work in the War Department . . . Gretchen Kroch is now a second lieutenant in the WAAC at Des Moines . . . The new editor of *Liberty* Magazine is Jerome Ellison, author of two first-rate novels on his own account . . .

WILLIAM FAULKNER has gone back to Hollywood to write a script on the life of General De Gaulle for Warner Brothers. The General, incidentally, received $50,000.00 for his authorization of the film, and promptly turned the entire sum over to the Fighting French Fund. Bill Faulkner's first trip to Hollywood was a hilarious affair. After a single day in the studio writers' building, he opined that he could do better work at home. The studio officials said that that would be all right with them, but didn't realize that by home Bill meant Oxford, Mississippi. It took them weeks to fetch him back again, but then he wrote "Turnabout" which made about two million dollars for MGM, so Bill was forgiven . . .

SPEAKING OF PICTURES, Fox has bought "Only the Stars Are Neutral" to compete with Warner's "Mission to Moscow" . . . Gus Eysell, manager of the Radio City Music Hall, has shown his patrons the following consecutive smashes: "Mrs. Miniver," "Bambi," "Talk of the Town," and "Tales of Manhattan," with "My Sister Eileen" on deck. The only fit comparison to such a record is to imagine a single publisher coming up with "Anthony Adverse," "Gone with the Wind," and "Berlin Diary" on the same list . . . "You Were Never Lovelier" squanders Fred Astaire's incomparable dancing and a superlative score by Jerome Kern on the stalest and most ridiculous plot of the year. Astaire's partner is again Rita Hayworth. She strikes us as one of the least talented actresses on the screen, but she's Got That Thing! . . . The only place you ever see the Pacific in "Across the Pacific" is in the title, but it has Sydney Greenstreet (the fat man from "The Maltese Falcon") in the cast, and any picture that includes him is for us. This picture, incidentally, is bound to take some of the thunder away from the forthcoming Orson Welles production of "Journey into Fear" . . . Ginger Rogers more than upholds her family's noble traditions in "The Major and the Minor," the best "escape" picture of the season. It seems to us that they muffed a perfect ending in that one. When Ginger and her bridegroom climbed aboard the transcontinental flier in the fade-out, the same conductors who chased her through a train when she was disguised as a twelve-year-old should have been on hand to register the appropriate amazement . . . We hope the customers don't mind our occasional trespasses on Hollywood territory. After all, the book business and Hollywood are learning to care very deeply for one another . . . One of the Glamour Colony's greatest stars gave a party last year for the crême de la crême. White ties, strapless gowns, and all the emeralds and sables in town. At the height of the festivities, the most important agent in the country weaved in, dressed in shapeless slacks, and plastered to the gills. The hostess froze and remarked acidly that she did not remember inviting him. "Not only did you not invite me, but I DECLINED," he replied, and fell on his face . . .

JUST ONE MORE West Coast anecdote before we sign off: Harry Ruby, the famous song writer, hired a new cook the very day that a large dinner party was scheduled at his home. The cook spoiled the soup, the entree, and the dessert; only the meat course was even fit to be brought to the table. After the ladies had left for the powder room, a disconsolate butler appeared with liqueurs. "Tell me," Oscar Hammerstein inquired gently, "Is it all right to take brandy on an empty stomach?"

BENNETT CERF.

"Some vandal erased the mustache from every picture."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The State Department Controversy

*Two Views of Robert Bendiner's "The Riddle of the State Department"**

1. ROGER BALDWIN

THE youthful managing editor of the *Nation* invested his time and talents to good advantage in Washington in making a first-hand study of the policies and personnel of the State Department, published in what is entitled a report. The riddle which he attempts to answer is the contradiction between the policies of the State Department and those of the President. How does it happen, he asks, that the State Department can continue in war-time to appease collaborators with the Axis as it did the Axis powers in time of peace? Why does not the President insist upon conformity to his policies?

Mr. Bendiner skillfully dissects the State Department and the Presidency, showing the divergencies due to contrary forces which play upon them. The State Department, aloof, playing in secret a game of balance of power on a chessboard with nations as pawns, follows traditional diplomacy. The President, sensitive to the conflicting pressures and forces which make up our democracy, has tolerated appeasement only on occasion "by way of surrender rather than choice."

The first half of the study is devoted to a penetrating and objective examination of the record of appeasement from Ethiopia and Spain to Vichy France, and of the shameful record of the treatment of European anti-fascist refugees. One draws the conclusion, which repeated incidents confirm, that the State Department has been for long more fearful of communism than of fascism—and at heart still is. Its plausible appeasement policy is based upon preservation of the status quo. Since the President's vision transcends such limits, he has sought to bridge the gap between the Department's traditional conservatism and his democratic aims by creating other agencies to perform its more vital functions, and to confide to his own emissaries delicate missions which he could not entrust to Department bureaucrats. This, at least, would seem to be the President's answer to the riddle.

The second half of the book is an incisive examination of the personnel of the Department, its Harvard-Groton traditions, and the often conflicting political attitudes of its top men; a pointed series of sketches which sharpen the attack on policies. The study concludes with suggestions as to what can be done to bring the State Department in line with progressive democratic practice.

The remedies sound pretty hopeless. Mr. Bendiner would like to see a clean sweep, and to achieve it he falls back on the last line of democratic defense—namely, that Congress alone can do the job, that the present Congress won't, and that it is up to the country to elect one which will. Conceding that this is a counsel of perfection, inconceivable in war-time, he suggests that the Department's defects can be minimized by measures to prevent it from remaining a rich man's club, by closer formal contact with Congress, and by more pressure from "the people." But the President's method of by-passing the Department appears to get more immediate, if more incomplete, results. And it would seem to be the only politically practicable answer at the moment in view of Mr. Bendiner's analysis of the mutual relationship of both the State Department and the President to the Southern Democratic leadership of Congress.

Mr. Bendiner's study cannot be dismissed as a political attack. It is too objective, wise, and balanced for that. But it is a campaign document in the best tradition of democracy, and it appears at a critical time when it will help strengthen by its exposure and appraisal the progressives and confound the Tories.

2. JAY FRANKLIN

HERE is a strange bouillabaisse of rumor, guess-work, prejudice, misconstruction, distortion, some reportage, and a lot of irrelevant narrative. In fact, the reader is inclined to wonder how Mr. Bendiner had the courage to quote Secretary Hull's famous characterization of a Japanese diplomatic note: "I have never seen a document that was more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions."

To begin with, Mr. Bendiner devotes the first half of his book to what he calls "The Record." This is an account, written with the awful clairvoyance of hindsight, of our follies of "appeasement." Nowhere does he set down the unanswerable "appeasement" of the Soviet Union's "realistic" diplomacy, which made Russia an ally of Hitler's up to the moment when the German attacked. Neither does he explain how the United States should have rushed in where Stalin feared to tread and when England and France begged us not to complicate matters for them, as in the case of the Spanish Civil War. Here, Mr. Bendiner indulges in an extremely exparte criticism of our stubborn pre-Pearl Harbor national policy—with our public opinion soaked in wishful thinking, our newspapers regarding war as one of the spectator-sports, and our Congress fettered in the phoney traditions of isolation.

After devoting half of this book to this essay on American national policy, Mr. Bendiner has the nerve to remark in a footnote: "This study is founded on the conduct of the State Department primarily as it relates to the coming of the war and is not offered as a history of the foreign policy of the Roosevelt Administration."

What can be said of a man who includes among his authorities Bob Allen and Drew Pearson's "Merry-Go-Round," Helen Lombard, and Izzy Stone (the *Nation's* Washington correspondent)? When he enters a discussion of the leading personalities of the State Department, Mr. Bendiner seems incapable of grasping the character of Sumner Welles who combines inner integrity with personal loyalty. He is puzzled by Adolph Berle's failure to live up to the *Nation's* expectations. And he speaks ignorantly of the bureaucratic mind when he refers to "a State Department that doesn't want too much money"—in Congressional appropriations—"for fear of losing its exclusiveness."

There is a good book to be written on the State Department and on its relations to our foreign policy, but this is not it. The author's inner bias is sufficiently revealed by his solemn charge against our diplomats, that "theirs is a loyalty to the United States as a nation among nations, not as an embattled democracy whose allies could never include states committed to the death of democracy." With Mr. Bendiner's Soviet Union fighting gallantly among our allies, this is a rather reckless charge for a radical editor to make, since the Stalinist régime may well be the best for Russia but no one could well pretend that the Soviet system has done right by democracy. Neither is it wise to accuse our diplomats of patriotic nationalism when a truer charge to be brought against them is that they struggled until the twelfth hour to preserve an international order and to moderate unregenerate nationalism even to the point of appeasement.

No, this is a grudge fight and the author is entitled to his go at our diplomatic punching-bags and wind-bags, but it seems a pity that perfectly good trees have been felled and prepared for this purely private purpose.

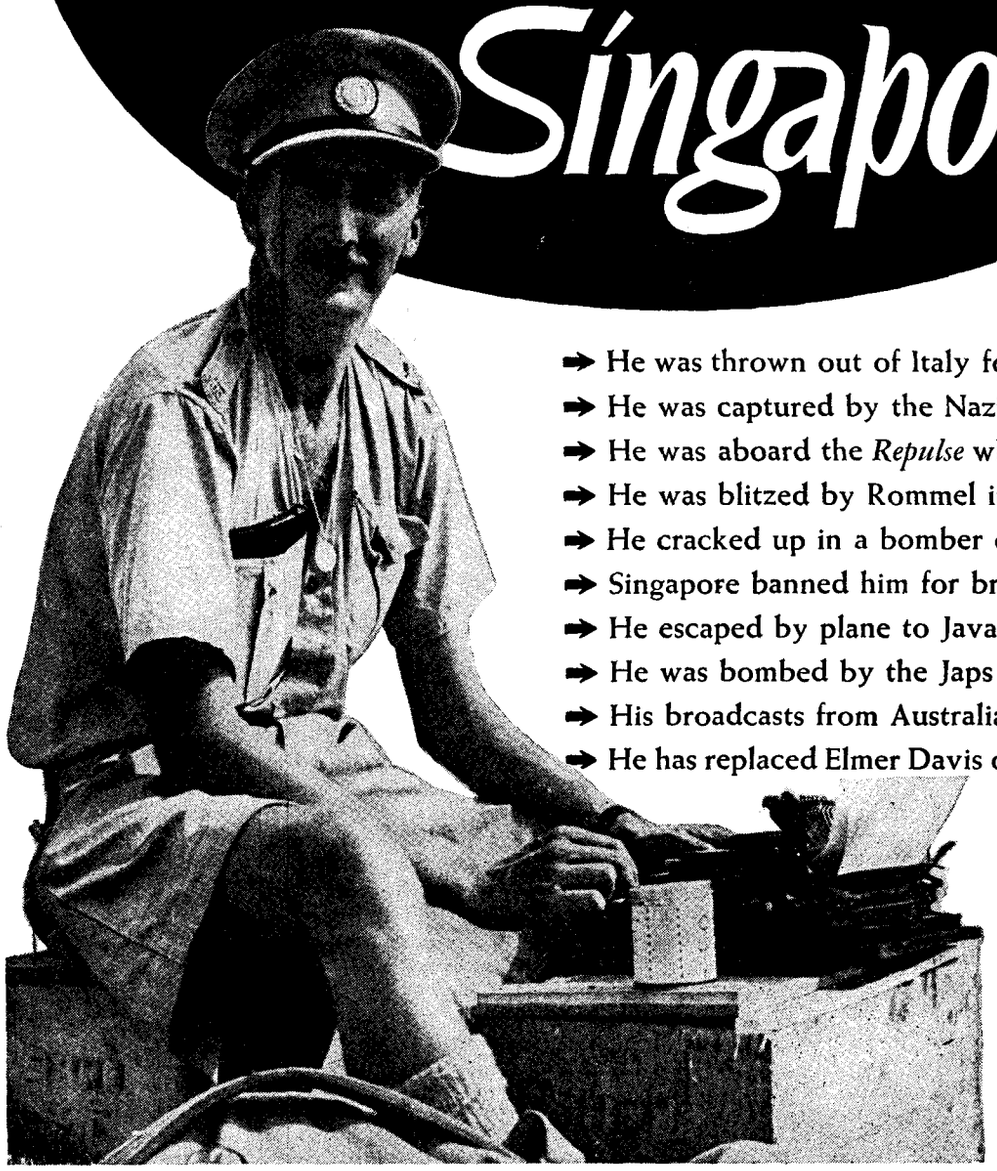
*THE RIDDLE OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT. By Robert Bendiner. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 231 pp. $2.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His broadcasts made history and made him famous!

CECIL BROWN'S Suez to Singapore

EYEWITNESS REPORT OF WAR IN THE MIDDLE EAST AND FAR EAST



- He was thrown out of Italy for reporting what he saw
- He was captured by the Nazis in Yugoslavia
- He was aboard the *Repulse* when the Japs sank it
- He was blitzed by Rommel in the Egyptian desert
- He cracked up in a bomber over Malaya
- Singapore banned him for broadcasting the truth
- He escaped by plane to Java
- He was bombed by the Japs in Surabaya
- His broadcasts from Australia shocked the world
- He has replaced Elmer Davis on the CBS news broadcasts

SUEZ TO SINGAPORE is the almost incredible story of how an American reporter fought to get uncensored war news to the American people *in time*. It is a breathlessly exciting saga of travel, adventure and escape, by one of the great war correspondents of our day. It is the inside story, told with honesty and accuracy, of how this war is being fought.

545 pages, indexed, with endpaper maps, $3.50

A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

O'Neil — Great as Talker or Fighter

THE GREAT O'NEIL. By Sean O'Faolain. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 374 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

WHEN the upstart Tudors ruled in England, there reigned in Ireland—in Armagh, Tyrone, and Fermanagh of Ulster and in all the Northwest part of the World—the great and ancient family of O'Neil, descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages whose war cry scared the Roman eagles, and from Niall's great grandson Muircheartach, the friend of St. Patrick and first Christian High King of Ireland, and from a line of kings who ruled at Tara and elsewhere, and fought the Norse and the Normans and chiefly their own cousins for nine hundred years before a strapping young Welshman named Tudor first caught the eye of a flirtatious royal widow.

Only the Tudors belonged to today with a wary eye on tomorrow, while the O'Neils, like their peers and kinsmen and usual enemies, the O'Donnells, the O'Mores, the O'Connors, and the O'Rourkes, lived in a Celtic twilight of a thousand changeless yesterdays, lords of thatch-roofed palaces, blind poets, bare-legged gallowglasses, and innumerable kine, in a feckless, mapless, pastoral wilderness more like the Eire of Cuchulain and Finn than like the bustling, commercial, go-ahead island across St. George's Channel.

The Tudors and their English subjects, therefore, had no more chance of understanding an O'Neil than if he were an Inca, and the O'Neils never really understood the English, even when they were educated in England and hunted and fought beside English captains, as did Hugh, the Great Earl, the hero of this biography, until his own people thought him little better than a foreigner. Even had the religious difference not come to widen the gap of incomprehension between them, there was nothing they could do with each other except fight.

The O'Neil of this story, Hugh, second Earl of Tyrone, was by no means the greatest fighter of his name—he did more talking than fighting—and perhaps the least Irish in mind and feeling of all the native chieftains who fought the vain fight against the guns and gold pieces of the encroaching modern world. Yet Sean O'Faolain makes it clear that he deserves his name of the Great Earl, and something, at least, of the glamour and regret that swell the ballad of his flight into a lament for the misty, heroic past which was all the history a free Ireland ever had. Not because he was the patriot leader of the ballads. He was part Celtic chieftain settling his feuds and the affronts to his honor like his ancestors, part Renaissance nobleman, playing for his own hand, like a Dudley or a Guise; he would never have fought the English had they not driven him to it. Not merely because, when they drove him to it, he fought the English more cunningly and resourcefully than any foe they met in that victorious half-century, cost Elizabeth more money than the Spaniards, outwitted Norris, beat Bagnall in open battle on the Blackwater, sent Essex whimpering home to his angry mistress, and was for a season as much the ruler of Ireland as any of his ancestors had been. But because, being free of the wiles and the outlook of the Renaissance, he saw that he could hope to win only by the help of the great powers and at the head of a united people, and, turning the religious cleavage to his use, in the course of making Ireland a power that could bid for alliance with Spain, made it for the first time something like a nation.

Sean O'Faolain tells the story of the Great O'Neil with the unobtrusive felicity of style one has come to expect of him, and with a scholarship about which he is unnecessarily modest. Whether he has all the complications of Irish genealogy just right—some of them, complicated past belief, are unravelled with zealous thoroughness—is not for a mere Sassenach reviewer to say. In the field of European politics towards the end of the sixteenth century he makes fewer errors than one expects of a professional historian whose focus is mainly insular, and, if he does not tell us all we would like to know about Jesuit intrigues in Ireland, he has mastered about all that is known. He knows his Elizabethans as well as he knows his Irishmen, is soaked in their gorgeous rhetoric at least as thoroughly as in the verse of the Celtic bards, and is scrupulously just to them even though he is dealing with the least pleasant aspect of those adventurers who were "lions on the Spanish main but wolves and hyenas in Ireland." There are brief but useful notes and a good index.

On the whole, I do not know a better book about Ireland in the sixteenth century, certainly none in which the clash of the two alien and altogether antipathetic cultures is so dramatically and understandingly presented. Even if the story were now ended, even if the problem of a place for Ireland in the modern world were not still unsolved, there should be time among all our current preoccupations for history as good as this.

—Howard and Joan Coster

Sean O'Faolain is unnecessarily modest about his scholarship.

Sonnet

By Starr Nelson

NOW, when the innumerable voices of the rain
Sing love to grieving lovers, and sing green
to the sapped vine, to the soil sing grain
Where no furrow shall be ploughed again,—
Let that philosopher sleep, whose stripped, lean
Harvest lies snug and golden in the brain.
Loss troubles even Time whose scythe is keen,—
And love saddens whom its dregs disdain.

But let him lie awake, and let him alone,
Whose loins were the vineyard and whose ardent veins
Lavished their purple fire on flesh and stone.
He will lean to phantom lips, his eyes will shine!
His, the body that falling tone sustains;
He slakes his thirst with the impossible wine.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK WEEK

The Chicago Sun's new Sunday book section

. . . Out NOV. 1

The Middle West's own literary magazine . . . comprehensive and authoritative, with news, views and reviews . . . by competent critics, experts, correspondents . . . Lavishly illustrated . . .

BOOK WEEK Contributors . . . Kay Boyle . . . John Erskine . . . Ruth Suckow . . . Katherine Anne Porter . . . Hendrik Van Loon . . . Paul Angle . . . Gertrude Atherton . . . Louis Zara . . . S. Hayakawa . . . Bessie Louise Pierce . . . Russell Maloney . . . Klaus Mann . . . Otto Eisenchiml . . . and others.

"I've Been Reading"—*by Prof. John T. Frederick, of Northwestern University, widely known radio commentator on books*

The Spectator—*local news and gossip of books, authors, by Marian Neville*

Technical & Scientific—*reviews in charge of Dr. Linton B. Grinter, dean of the Graduate School, Illinois Institute of Technology*

"Sleuths & Slayers"—*whodunits, by Elizabeth Bullock, of the* New Yorker

Order from your newsdealer—now!

BOOK WEEK's Editor

A. C. Spectorsky . . . born in France in 1910, of American parents who came home when World War I broke. As a child, he shuttled back and forth to Europe, but got his schooling here, has a B.S. from New York University . . . Widely rolled stone with a fairly high polish, he has been a stable boy, worked on a road gang, served a short hitch in Hollywood studios, been a tropical fish magnate (briefly), worked with an eccentric inventor perfecting sound devices for a year and a half (*which qualifies him to get along well with authors*) . . . Staff writer with *This Week*, two years on the *New Yorker* staff . . . Free lance contributor to *New Yorker*, *Harper's Bazaar* and others . . .

CHICAGO SUN

P. S.—BOOK WEEK will also carry the advertising of most of the prominent publishing houses

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meet the NEW OTTO EISENSCHIML-

. . . we mean that until now you have known Dr. Eisenschiml as the creative chemist, the kindly businessman, the probing historian, the lecturer of note.

Now, with the writing of his autobiographical WITHOUT FAME, Eisenschiml gains a new stature as a raconteur, one with pungent, gentle wit, and a strong sense of the dramatic. In these pages he offers many an amusing tale, much sound advice, and a rarely matched knowledge of many people in almost every walk of life. People are real to him. Characters aren't paraded by as mere names; they're stopped, thoroughly introduced, and made friends of the reader before being allowed to go their way. Otto Eisenschiml knows the great scientists of America. In the pages of WITHOUT FAME many of them are given their first public recognition. His story is spiced with delightful anecdotes about the worker with the dinner pail and such notables as Baron Rothschild, Charles M. Schwab, Donald M. Nelson, and many others.

WITHOUT FAME is truly a reading treat you won't want to miss.

$3.50

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES WERE NEVER LIKE THIS

VINCENT STARRETT:
"...a fascinating account . . . a book of much wisdom and courage and simple humanity."

CARL SANDBURG:
" This surely has the stuff for a book . . ."

BURTON RASCOE:
"... utterly absorbing . . . touching and inspiring."

DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN:
"Writings such as this are the source material for a true understanding of the American way."

LOUIS ADAMIC:
"... is the lively and engaging autobiography of a fascinating man who has a restless, curious mind."

ALLIANCE BOOK CORP.
Chicago · New York

Hillyer . . .

MY HEART FOR HOSTAGE. By Robert Hillyer. New York: Random House. 1942. 276 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MR. HILLYER is a poet and a scholar who writes an occasional novel. He runs the danger of being regarded with suspicion in each of his fields. You know the phrase: "He's a good poet for a scholar," and so on, in all the combinations. We have to realize here that these are not dispersed and separable talents, but are in fact interrelated aspects of one fine, keen, artistic intelligence. What a good writer can bring to scholarship is something many scholars wish for devoutly, and what, in this instance, a poet can bring to the novel is such technical and atmospheric enrichment as to raise a simple tale to a remarkable level. "My Heart for Hostage" is a nostalgic memoir of Paris, 1919, done in prose with all the effects of a lyric poem, all the haunting echoes and overtones, the distilled emotions, the evocative understatement. A poem could not have told this tale, but the tale, thus heightened by a poet, tells everything it wants to, and suggests more.

The story itself is essentially sad and helpless, like a gesture of despair. Edward Reynolds, a young American lieutenant of New England origin—this is important—is in Paris at the end of the last war. He has met and fallen in love with Germaine as the story opens, and we proceed at once to observe these two in an incredible gambit of love, toward and away from each other. By youth, passion, and impetuosity, they are drawn together. But there is Edward's straight, reasonable, predictable, New England logic of behavior, which has no interpretation in it anywhere for the devious, gay pretenses, the loving deceits of Germaine. The movement is circular: Germaine is mysterious, Edward is repelled, Germaine explains, Edward is happy, Germaine is off on an adventure, Edward is furious, Germaine will not explain, and so it goes. The tone is uncompromisingly light and undramatic, always in service of the single, echoing note. This is the poet's touch. But more is done than that. There are the people who surround them in Paris, the artists, soldiers, madames, dowagers, in every case the most revealed with the deftest line. And there is Paris itself in so many of its moods and spirits, bright and colored and distance-sad, like Mr. Salter's beautiful dust-cover. Edward and Germaine fade into this background, two gay and unhappy puppets in the paces of an antic hay. It is a very simple narrative. You may forget its meaning but you will remember that you read it, and how moving it was.

—*Photo by N. E. Albert.*
Robert Hillyer

Cain . . .

LOVE'S LOVELY COUNTERFEIT. By James M. Cain. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 218 *pp.* $2.

MR. CAIN has established, with a few books, a formidable reputation of furious pace, harsh and masterful realism, tough, raw speech right out of the mouths of the people. I do not think this story will add anything to that, and it may indeed raise certain questions which he will have to answer with a better book. "Love's Lovely Counterfeit" seems counterfeit throughout; not only the love (which is not even, this time, good honest lust), but the characters themselves, and the dreamed-up words they speak, lack all the markings of authentic coin. This is a hasty and overconfident production. Ben Grace, whose story this is, believes in nothing and nobody, which would be all right if he were strong enough to be that kind of total anarchist. But he is not strong or convincing, either to himself or to his creator, and his triumphs and frustrations as he proceeds from chauffeur to top-man racketeer lack the significance that the affairs of a first-class rascal, or hero, must have. He is not only vague, he is uninteresting, and his whole career is far too pointless to offer any of the pace or vigor which so short a book as this one implies. If you remember the real pulsing vitality of "The Postman Always Rings Twice" it will seem to you that Mr. Cain just didn't try this time.

N. L. R.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brown . . .

THE BURNING WHEEL. By Slater Brown. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1942. 306 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

ALL the elements of old-fashioned melodrama are present in this strenuous novel: knock-down fights, gun-play, a spectacular fire, drownings, seduction of country girl by city cad, etc. Early in the book, however, we know that if it is melodrama it is cynical melodrama without heroics and personal triumphs; and finally we realize that it is tragedy, peculiarly modern tragedy, revolting and sterile, and offering no catharsis. It is modern partly because it is sociological, partly because its characters are defeated when their "emancipation" sloughs off the old sense of values and feeling of human worth, leaving them cynical, smart, and lost.

Once a peaceful, lovely Connecticut valley was peopled by sturdy farmers who worked hard but wove into the fabric of their lives the sterling native tradition and culture which gave meaning to their activity and beauty to their homes. Every prospect pleased and man was not vile. When the soil was exhausted and the ambitious moved Westward, there remained few natives except the shiftless hillbillies, who hastened to decay. Then into the valley came restless strays of the Lost Generation, buying up and restoring (spoiling) the fine old houses, damming the brooks into swimming pools, replacing cider with gin, drowning out the salty native idiom with "Forget it!" "Take it easy!" "To hell with it!" Of all the characters in the novel only one, and he is senile and third-crazy, has any notion of human dignity. What a crew!

The author evidently belongs to the hard-boiled school, which has had fewer pupils recently since Master Hemingway has begun to thaw, and Steinbeck is suspected of being an old softy. There is much cryptic talk and constant drinking, there are Faulknerian hints of perversion and incest, and the accent is on the grotesque and brutal. (The opening description of a hog-butchering will test the stout of stomach.) Although a vigorous, well written novel, how old-fashioned it seems—for all its modernity! With our democratic way of life, human decency, and liberty in indisputable danger, we can't generate much interest in the private woes of such shallow folk; and although the social implication is probably sound, already its thesis in tremendous days of an all-out war seems only of historical value.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

"He can look back, with a poised and astute candor, to make a fascinating book from memories which 'read like a novel.' It is the noblest French spirit which speaks. And it concludes in dauntless hope." — Katherine Woods, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.00

SAYERS & KAHN

SABOTAGE

A runaway best-seller because it tells the whole appalling story of Axis sabotage in the U. S. A. What's happened, what's still going on, what you can do about it. "It's your patriotic duty to read it." —*Philadelphia Record.* $2.50

HESKETH PEARSON

G. B. S.

"Great biography . . . inspired biography . . . Mr. Pearson is as like Shaw in wit and humor as anyone will be able to be . . . he has without the slightest doubt or hesitation written the best biography of one of the best men who ever lived."—Peter Monro Jack, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.75

MARQUIS W. CHILDS

I WRITE FROM WASHINGTON

A great correspondent covers a vitally important front — the Home Front of Washington—as Gunther, Shirer and Sheean covered fronts abroad. "A skilled interpretation of the eight most vital years in the history of our capital."—CLARE BOOTHE. $3.00

ERIC PARTRIDGE

USAGE AND ABUSAGE

A sparkling word book that is a valuable, authoritative and highly stimulating guide to the correct, clear use of written and spoken English. Annotated for American usage by Professor W. Cabell Greet. $3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jameson . . .

THEN WE SHALL HEAR SINGING. By Storm Jameson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 263 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

THE idea of this fantasy on Czechoslovakia is excellent: the victorious Germans, feeling not too secure despite their victories, have found a new recipe to enslave the "Protectorate." Dr. Hesse, the cold-blooded scientist who falls into ecstatic raptures while hearing Wagner, has invented a method of brain operation that transforms the victims into happy, slave-like creatures, glad to serve their master race that denies them school, language, and human rights. He starts to operate on the adult male population of a village that was still full of the old rebellious spirit. When he has operated on the men, and they come home to their wives, sweethearts, and children, so slight is the change that it takes the women a long time to realize what devilish plan has been executed. The very old women, those who have the memory of the past, of President Masaryk and the days of independence, are the first ones to recognize what Dr. Hesse is doing in honor of the "Fuehrer" and the New Order.

This promising idea, however, is not carried out satisfactorily. Whether Miss Jameson takes too much trouble to write nostalgic dialogues in which the villagers remember their happier past, or whether her mysticism is not sufficiently strong to make her solution plausible, is difficult to decide. Quite often she is a prisoner of her own poetic images. She feels that a people that remembers its language, its songs, and still lives on the same earth as its forefathers, can never lose its spiritual independence, nor become completely enslaved by a ruthless oppressor. Yet this mystical and comforting belief expresses itself too vaguely and never leads to any action, strange as it seems. One is, unfortunately, not prepared for the author's promise of a better world to come, after having met Dr. Hesse and his operating scheme.

It is evidence of the author's ingenuity that she depicts the two high German military officials of the Junker class as by no means enchanted with party member Hesse's plans, and that they are both tired, distrustful of the "Fuehrer," and very uncertain whether they did the right thing by following him all these years. The master of the "Protectorate" wants in vain to be liked by the people he is ordered to enslave, and it is here that the author reaches the high point of her novel. Her portrayal of the temper of the German aristocracy is convincing and skillfully avoids the conventional. But her picture of the state of mind of the Czech village is incomplete and diffuse to a bewildering degree. It is always a very difficult task to use a community as a hero, to present many people in order to show a mood and a state of mind. The reader loses what focal point he had, the episodes are bound to repeat each other, and even if one gets the mood, he easily becomes weary of the long procession of similar figures. The author's message that no scheme in the world can suppress a free people is moving and good to get; but she has not clad it sufficiently in the form of a modern legend to make it convincing. Her book, called a "Fantasy in C Major," is well orchestrated but has not the force that its theme demands.

Storm Jameson feels that a poetic people remain spiritually free.

An author is not a piece of merchandise, but a delicately adjusted human being who requires, above all, security. And his books are not mere slabs of printed material stuck between covers, but the source of ideas, emotions, plans, much that is finest in the human spirit.

And so I make my fundamental point. Books and authors, the literary art and science of a great nation, are too important and too rare to be left to the unrestricted scope of private enterprise. It is the concern of the nation that its book trade should function efficiently, just as it is the concern of the nation to provide employment for its workers, and to wage war against disease, poverty and ignorance, three evils against which books can be potent remedies.

—*The Bookseller, London.*

Fletcher . . .

MEN OF ALBEMARLE. By Inglis Fletcher. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1942. 566 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

THE Carolinas in the early years of the eighteenth century were the least settled, the least orderly of the North Atlantic colonies. Faction battled faction; treason and sedition flourished; an ill-defined civil war flared and subsided only to flare and subside again. A group of lordly proprietors comfortably at home in England administered the colony's affairs with a notable lack of efficiency. In the northern counties lawlessness had become almost universal because there was no hand firm enough to give even a semblance of government. To settle this chaotic turbulence the Lords Proprietors sent from England one Edward Hyde with a suspiciously incomplete mandate as governor. That he eventually contrived to destroy the colony's more rebellious elements, to bring decency back to politics, and to establish law among the Albemarle planters is vastly to his credit. To historians, however, in spite of his concrete accomplishments, he is personally a somewhat nebulous figure, and therefore, perhaps, peculiarly serviceable to the novelist like Mrs. Fletcher.

With considerable ingenuity she has used Edward Hyde as the anchor for her fable. For all his lack of historic definition he is solid and authentic, while the very sound of his aristocratic name, with its implied relationship to Queen Anne herself, brings the elegancies of court life to the romantic rudeness of the wilderness. But he is only one of a rather too considerable *dramatis personae* which includes among its real and imaginary personages the ambitious rebel Thomas Cary; his engaging nephew Michael; Roger Mainwairing, a partisan of Monmouth's abortive uprising; and most seductive of all, Lady Mary Tower, a mysterious personage who, though necessarily *incognita,* makes little effort to repress her Stuart imperiousness. As Edward Hyde struggles for dominion, these and other decorative individuals work out their theatrical destinies. The result is a confusion of plot which is rather bewildering and which Mrs. Fletcher's incapacity for distinctive character portrayal does not ameliorate. As a novel the book is an unorganized medley of romantic dramas, no one of which is warmed into life.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two enthralling novels of warring Asia today

"A weird tale of what's brewing in the remote fastnesses of central Asia"—N. Y. *HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS*

THE *Golden Horde*

By LA SELLE GILMAN

"A grand story which nothing short of an air raid could make you put down until finished."—*THE N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW*

"A stirring tale of adventure, of fighting and escapes, of old legend and mysterious underground worlds."—*LOS ANGELES TIMES*

"Has much of the strange magic of *Lost Horizon*. One of the most distinguished books on the month's lists."—*Francis Ludlow*, Editor, *The Retail Bookseller*.

The novel that built China's guerilla armies

Village in August

By T'IEN CHÜN

China's soldier-novelist. $2.50

3RD BIG PRINTING

LEWIS GANNETT: "In its desperate simplicity it is deeply moving; this, you realize, is how the Chinese resistance grew."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

EDGAR SNOW: "It presents with strong integrity and sometimes Rabelaisian intimacy the people of China to whom we owe so much . . . It has won a place in the company of *Les Miserables* and *Don Quixote*."

N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "Unquenchable courage shines in this story of men and women who remain human even when they must be ruthless."

SMITH & DURRELL, INC., 25 W. 45 STREET, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN THE typhoon BLOWS

Elizabeth Foreman Lewis

Illustrated by Kurt Wiese

THIS is the story of Li Thirty-nine who struggled with the sea for a living and dreamed of adventure in some great and ancient city of his land. It is the story of his grandfather, Lao To, who had watched over Li for all of his fifteen years and who was certain that the old ways would last forever. It is the story of the lieutenant, of Hu Doctor, of Yen Captain—the story of China fighting for the freedom of mankind, alone and unprepared, yet fighting with a courage and gallantry unsurpassed in the world's history.

Elizabeth Foreman Lewis, winner of the Newbery Medal for YOUNG FU OF THE UPPER YANGTZE, was long a resident of Chungking and this book on wartime China for the teen age breathes her knowledge and love for China and its people. This is Mrs. Lewis's sixth book on China—her fourth in the series for young people bringing the story up to December, 1941.

$2.00

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
PHILADELPHIA

Adams . . .

THE HARVEY GIRLS. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: Random House. 1942. 327 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

IT is the belief of Samuel Hopkins Adams, and probably a sound one, that no social history of the American West should fail to take into account the Fred Harvey system of railroad restaurants. They not only catered in the early days to the inner man (and very well, too, in a place and era notorious for improper diets) but also introduced notions of refinement and a modicum of civilization into crude and barbarous communities. From the time of the establishment of his first lunch room in the Topeka depot in 1876 Harvey demanded the most rigid propriety in his dining rooms and impeccable conduct on the part of his carefully selected employees. In a brawling frontier town the Harvey restaurant would sometimes be the only oasis of refinement. When over-exuberant rowdies would raise an appetite by "shooting up the town" and go to Harvey's for food, they would be told primly but firmly to don ties and coats before being served—and they did so. No liberties were taken with the Harvey girls: the byword of the desert, "West of Albuquerque you don't have to marry 'em," was forgotten in these spotless eating places.

"The Harvey Girls" is a mildly amusing story of a half dozen young women from New York and Ohio who, in 1891, are lured to the romantic West to wait on tables for a year in the rough, sun-baked town of Handrock, in "Mountain Territory." This strange new life rescues them from prosaic marriages, school teaching, and general boredom, insures them financial independence, excitement, and respectability. (They really are never *waitresses*: they are *The Harvey Girls.* It is said that many of them "married well" and became wives and mothers of political and financial leaders in the Southwest.) They all but worship Fred Harvey, and, like theatre-folk who know that the show must go on, they know that trains must be fed in spite of accident and storm. Also in Sandrock is the Alhambra—saloon, brothel, dance hall—a sort of desert Maison Tellier. A natural rivalry develops, furnishing much of whatever plot there is to the novel. During most of the book the tempest is confined to the teapot; but finally the murder of the villain, a local politico-racketeer, precipitates assorted gunplay, misunderstandings, boy-loses-girl mishaps, and brings the tale to a noisy finish. Refinement conquers all: violence becomes unfashionable, and Harvey's chaste Saturday night entertainments steal the crowd from the Alhambra Improprieties.

As a novel it is somewhat disappointing, living up neither to its gay title and jacket nor to the author's reputation for swift narrative and his charming gift for enlivening history with scandal. It is a cheerful and hearty book, however, an amusing footnote on Western history. For the most part its treatment is sane and unromantic; the cinematic, emotional touches near the end will not be taken seriously east of Pasadena.

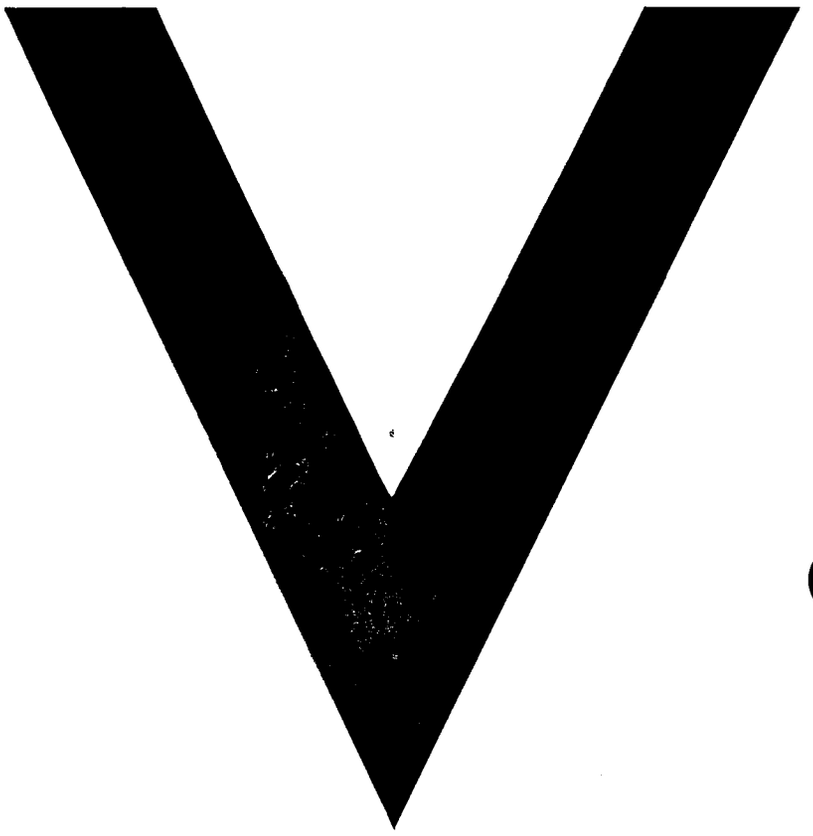
ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Arthur, in "Morte d'Arthur," by Malory, or in "Idylls of the King," by Tennyson. 2. The King of Hearts, in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll. 3. Darius, in the history by Herodotus. 4. David, in the Bible. 5. "Richard III," by Shakespeare. 6. Agamemnon, in "Iphegenia in Aulis," by Euripides. 7. Rudolf, in "The Prisoner of Zenda," by Anthony Hope. 8. Hamlet's father, in "Hamlet," by Shakespeare. 9. The King of Barataria, in "The Gondoliers," by W. S. Gilbert. 10. Oedipus, in "Oedipus Tyrannis," by Sophocles. 11. "King Lear," by Shakespeare. 12. Schahriar, in "The Arabian Nights." 13. The Lost Dauphin, in "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain. 14. Louis XI, in "Quentin Durward," by Scott. 15. Richard the Lion Hearted, in the Robin Hood legends. 16. Cophetua, in Percy's "Reliques," and in "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," by Tennyson. 17. Pellinore, in "Morte d'Arthur," by Malory, and in "The Sword in the Stone," by T. E. White. 18. Old King Cole, in Mother Goose. 19. Hiram, King of Tyre, in the Bible. 20. Wilhelm of Bohemia, in "A Scandal in Bohemia," by Conan Doyle.

If you haven't read THE DOCTORS MAYO *you've missed "one of the finest American biographies ever written."* —PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

822 pages, $3.75. UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



VICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN

GIVE NOW!

GOOD BOOKS FOR THE ARMED SERVICES

WHAT EVERYONE CAN DO

If you really want to do something that will help this country's war program, one thing you can do quickly and effectively is to send books, good books, to the VICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN. Books alone will not win the war, but they will contribute to the well-being of the men who have to do the fighting; and such a contribution is important, no matter what else you may be doing.

The VICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN is not a device for clearing attics or making shelf-room. GOOD BOOKS, for entertainment and instruction, are urgently needed. So send the kind you like—the kind you would prefer to keep. And send them NOW (parcel-post book rate is only 3c a pound) in care of:

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Master Collects the Masters

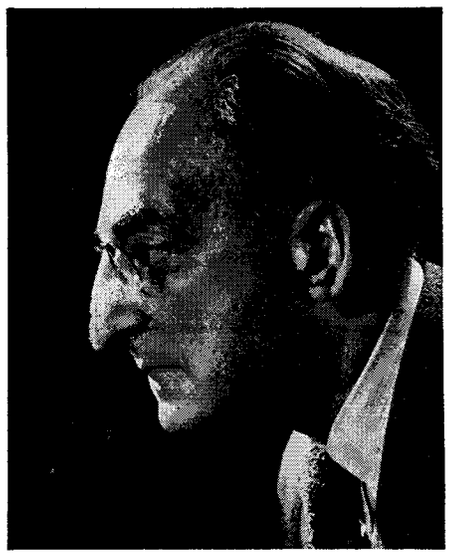
A TREASURY OF GREAT POEMS ENGLISH AND AMERICAN. By Louis Untermeyer. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1942. 1232 *pp., and index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

As descriptive a sentence as one can cull from Mr. Untermeyer's intelligent preface to this huge and comprehensive volume, is: "To suggest the vastness of the poets' imaginations and the variety of their multiple worlds is one of the functions of an anthology, and this collection ranges somewhat more widely than most." A deal has been made by the publishers of the fact that this one-volume presentation of the whole stream of poetry in the English language is integrated by a continuous accompanying prose narrative. This is so, but in former anthologies Mr. Untermeyer has furnished such copious biographical material mixed with appraisal and criticism that, in a sense, what he has done here is nothing new in substance though slightly different in form.

This poet-critic is now known throughout America as the most accomplished anthologist of poetry in our country. Former collections of his, both American and English, have been able, because of lesser scope, to show more examples of the work of individual poets. But here he has attempted, so to say, the largest canvas of his career. This is a book to rival Richard Aldington's "The Viking Book of Poetry of the English-Speaking World." Both are notable and vast collections, and America of today is fortunate, in a time of great national trial, to possess them both—as resources for the war-torn spirit. To the present writer, poetry is the most universal resource, conserving as it does all the best elements that are found in religion, without being confined by any dogma. Mr. Untermeyer has recognized this, by making his first section of selections from the great poetry of the Bible, starting with the Song of Songs. At the very beginning, he quotes various great writers "In Praise of Poetry," a glittering variety of definitions, ending with the words of the late Katherine Mansfield, *"Those are the people with whom I want to live, those are the men I feel are our brothers."* In these days of sadistic foes abroad and wrangling and jeering voices at home, the intelligent person will, I think, find that statement more and more true.

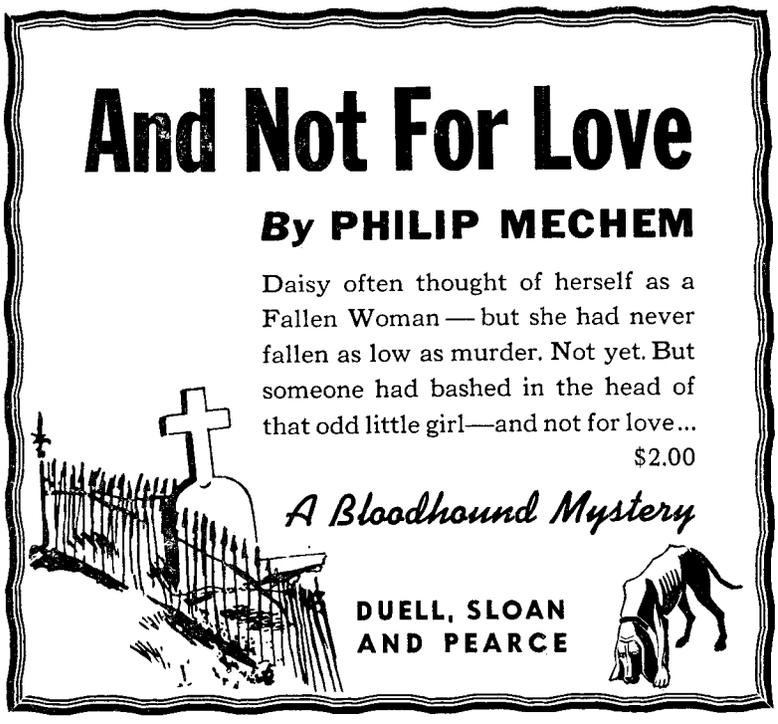
Here then is a book for evil days, a book like a fortress, wherein you will find what strong and good men have said from the beginning of time, wherein you will come upon the most magical and beautiful creations of man's imagination. These things have been chosen for you by an accomplished poet of rare taste who knows thoroughly the whole *corpus* of poetry in English. You can follow the growth of the English spirit from its great foundations; for the greatest gift the English kind has given to civilization (and neither am I forgetting the Celt) has been its poetry. That which is truly poetry is, as all but the gutter-minded



Louis Untermeyer

know, a mode of expression that uses all the great resources of the marvelous English tongue, from the pithy nobleness of utterance of the early ballads to the greatest esthetic refinements of some of the poets of the nineties. The language can serve to clothe in frieze the sturdy forthright stories of a Chaucer, or furnish cloth-of-gold for the greatest mystical poets. Also, in this book, we follow the highest form of literary expression through the golden age of Elizabeth into the strife of Civil War, and through the rise and fall of elegance and the romantic bursting of strict bonds, into the dawn of the democratic idea, the challenge to tradition, and the world of the twentieth century. The tremendous span, from the Book of Job to Stephen Spender, has somehow been accomplished by our anthologist with so much information by the way, that we have gained, incidentally, a considerable view of a large part of literature. The book is not for the scholar, but for the layman. The old English of the earlier poetry has been sensibly handled, either with a footnote glossary for short poems like Barbour's "Freedom" from "The Bruce," or, in the case of Chaucer, with parallel pages of old and modern English. Some of this transcription has been done by the anthologist himself. Everything, in fact, has been accomplished to put the average reader at his ease.

The apparatus of the book comprises the proper acknowledgments, source-references, and indices. With Mr. Untermeyer's general judgments I am mostly in accord, and it would be idle to quibble concerning a few selections. In consideration of the magnitude of the task set him, he has done as well as I expected, which was very well. He has even managed the inclusion of some light and nonsense verse, American folk songs, and certain Negro spirituals.


And Not For Love
By PHILIP MECHEM
Daisy often thought of herself as a Fallen Woman — but she had never fallen as low as murder. Not yet. But someone had bashed in the head of that odd little girl—and not for love...
$2.00
A Bloodhound Mystery
DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MOTHER FINDS A BODY *Gypsy Rose Lee* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Corpse-infested trailer of burlesque troupe travelling in Texas reveals sleuthing abilities of sundry colorful ladies and gents.	Interesting and revealing data on burleycue in the provinces, harum-scarum plot, and unconventional characters—but hardly up to predecessor.	Diverting
DEEP LAY THE DEAD *F. C. Davis* (Crime Club: $2.)	Penna. doctor's family and guests, imprisoned by blizzard, snare killer in midst and scotch enemy plot.	Somewhat plot-heavy tale of Nazi guest for secret U. S. code and what befell cryptographers and hunters. Plentiful action.	Passable
THE FOURTEENTH TRUMP *Judson Phillips* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Shooting in N. Y. hotel room puts innocent gal in tough spot. Square-shooting gambler Coyle and henchmen save her.	Knowledgeable, swiftly moving, and suavely hardboiled item with two good sleuths and something wicked happening almost every minute.	Enjoyable
CUE FOR MURDER *Helen McCloy* (Morrow: $2.)	Death on stage of Manhattan theatre and odd doings in vicinity give Basil Willing job that nearly ends his career.	Psychiatrist detective turns in another deftly solved and thoroughly documented case enhanced by good writing and vital characterizations.	Best grade
HANGED FOR A SHEEP *Frances & Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.)	Reptilian fourth husband of Pam North's Aunt Flora shot in scullery by parties unknown. Pam and "Loot" Weigand trail slayer.	The more North's and their relatives there are in the story the better it is—and this is brimful of them.	Tops
MURDER BY REFLECTION *H. F. Heard* (Vanguard: $2.)	Death overtakes a young man who though of the present lives in a past world of the imagination.	Past and present, reality and fantasy, are blent into a somewhat esoteric tale.	Erudite

CROSTICS CLUB NOTICE

THROUGH an unfortunate mishap, the solution to Double-Crostics No. 447 was prematurely and incorrectly published last week as solution No. 446. We are therefore publishing the solutions to both 446 and 447 under the dates of the issues in which the respective puzzles appeared. We apologize for the error.

Issue October 10th

DOUBLE-CROSTICS (No. 446)

WILLIAM HAZLITT

ON NICKNAMES

Nicknames are of all sorts and sizes. A nickname is a disposable force almost always perverted to mischief. The use of this figure of speech is that it excites a strong idea without requiring any proof. It is a word and a blow.

Issue October 17th

DOUBLE-CROSTICS (No. 447)

WHITMAN:

THE MYSTIC TRUMPETER

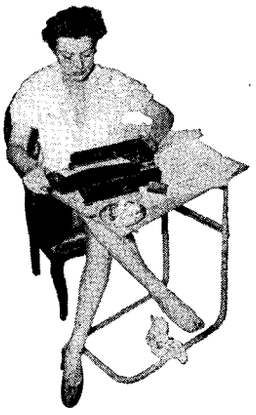
(LEAVES OF GRASS)

I feel the measureless shame and
humiliation of my race, it becomes all mine—

. . . . . .

Sing to my soul, renew its languishing faith and hope,
Rouse up my slow belief, give me some vision of the future,
Give me for once its prophecy and joy.

As a prose artist GYPSY ROSE LEE operates with the Queen's English. She describes writing as "making with the book words," a second draft as "cooking it again," and herself as "the girl with the diamond-studded navel." Her new novel, *Mother Finds a Body*, is written in the sharp, witty, economical lingo of the theatre—of burlesque, state fairs, border town saloons; of comics, strippers, straight-men and prims.



GYPSY ROSE LEE first broke into print when she guest-wrote a column for WALTER WINCHELL. Then she stripped for literary action and produced *The G-String Murders*, which was called "a social document" by *Time*, and proved it by breaking modern mystery sales records.

Now, with her second book, comes the inevitable question: "Can GYPSY do it again?" First review of *Mother Finds a Body* answers that question and shows why booksellers' advance orders took the book through two editions, 15,000 copies, before publication. Says WILL CUPPY, in the New York *Herald Tribune Books*: "*Mother Finds a Body* is every bit as good as *The G-String Murders*, if not superior in some ways. For our money, she can go on writing bafflers with a show business background as long as she can think up the funny stuff that puts them over so resoundingly. We can't see how anybody, no matter how pure in heart, would pass up a tome with so many sure-fire laughs, so much engaging personality between its covers."

Yep, GYPSY ROSE LEE has cooked it again.

MOTHER FINDS A BODY

By Gypsy Rose Lee

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY • PRICE $2.00

PUBLISHED BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's as easy as this!

At New York's Grand Central Terminal just toss your bag to a porter and say "Hotel Roosevelt" . . . He'll escort you through our private passageway, direct to the Roosevelt lobby . . . Time-saving convenience and complete comfort . . . Satisfying meals . . . Attractive rooms with bath from $4.50.

A 25% Reduction on Room Rates for Service Men

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*

MADISON AVENUE AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

Direct Entrance from Grand Central Terminal

GOOD READING:

The British Constitution

by W. Ivor Jennings $2.50

"Deserves to be ranked with Bagehot"
—*Virginia Quarterly Review.*

CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS
MACMILLAN

LEARN SPANISH
THE LANGUAGE OF TOMORROW'S BUSINESS BY
PLAYING CARDS
It's easy to learn to speak, read and write Spanish this popular new way...and it takes only ⅓ of the time usually required to master a foreign language. Play Solitaire or play the Course with a member of your family or while you entertain friends. Prepares for the thousands of post-war opportunities that will be available to Spanish-speaking men and women when trade with our Latin-American neighbors is at its peak. Remember...2, 3 or 4 persons can learn at no extra cost. 4 decks of cards and Cloth-Bound Text Book, only $2 postpaid.
Money back if you fail to learn.
French course ... also $2.
RODALE PRESS Emmaus, Penna. Dept. SRL-4

Brinnin, Coatsworth, Kinsolving

THE GARDEN IS POLITICAL. By John Malcolm Brinnin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 101 *pp.* $1.75.

COUNTRY POEMS. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 103 *pp.* $2.

MANY WATERS. By Sally Bruce Kinsolving. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 203 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN'S book is the work of a very sensitive and thoughtful young poet. It is good, in these days when so many poems of the younger intellectuals sound like note-book jottings for a job at hand, to find pattern and design and careful craftsmanship combined with intensity of feeling. What faults one can discover in Mr. Brinnin's work are those which he will probably outgrow—the tendency of youth to feel that everything it says must be freighted with extraordinary meaning. It is not that Mr. Brinnin is afraid to be simple, but that he seems to believe poetry these days should hesitate to be concerned with personal simplicities. For this reason he has chosen as his title poem what is, in this reviewer's opinion at any rate, the least successful poem in the book. I quote in part:

The garden is political,
Nor may the moody eyes
Of larkspur, zinnia, phlox
Stare that manifest horror down.

Nor will percussive rain come down,
Exciting, quick to change
Flower to essence, essence to flower,
As though the planted headlines
Were a row of four o'clocks, not
headlines,
As though the garden were
A progeny of earth
And not a mask for tragedy.

It is, as one may gather, the extreme antithesis of "My garden is a lovesome spot, God wot," and this is certainly no condemnation. What one does quarrel with is the over-inflation of an idea, the impression that the poet felt obliged to make his poem an up-to-the-minute headline performance by the deliberate expansion of a strained adjective.

Mr. Brinnin's feeling for contemporary obligation pulls against his personal emotion, like an ill-matched team, and this makes for jerky travelling at times. Poets of today must of course use contemporary images and symbols. The contemporary scene is always the material of poetry, but no poet should feel bound by it. There are many better poems in Mr. Brinnin's book, poems in which immediacy of phrase and symbol is more happily and convincingly wedded to a personal and at the same time universal emotion. "The Transatlantic Heart," for instance, with its vivid and logical application of figure to mood; the thoughtful and beautiful "Address to the Refugees"; "Testament"; "The Georgian House."

Mr. Brinnin's work shows some influence of T. S. Eliot and Wallace Stevens, but his own personality is clearly stamped. These poems are not for the casual reader; some of them are difficult both in image and syntax. But it is not a careless obscurity. One feels that Mr. Brinnin is both earnest and conscientious. His book is an accomplishment; better still, a promise which the reader feels will be richly fulfilled.

Elizabeth Coatsworth's "Country Poems" have the directness and simplicity of personal observation. They are sensitive, unpretentious, colored with nice imagery and careful accuracy. The poet speaks of the two little cats "stepping high" over the wet grasses; the moon that "wades deep in snow"; the small wind of evening that "moves with a sound like rain"; the winter landscape when

The earth is lighter
Than the sky,
The world is wider
Than in spring . . .

Not all the poems maintain a high degree of imagination and originality of concept; a few are undistinguished and without the delicate overtones which mark the poet's best work. A section of religious lyrics at the end of the book is the least interesting in the collection, and some of the poems to her daughters are a bit on the preachy side. But poems like "The Blessing of the Bed," "Journey," and "Cygnus" have about them the magic of true poetry.

Mrs. Coatsworth's work is concerned largely with the domestic scene, the small world of a farm and home and household. But because of this very intimate personal quality the poems touch fundamentals of common experience. Women will like them particularly, but any reader will relish the freshness and charm of such lyrics as "This Green Field":

This green field is a masterpiece
Of many hands. Here you may know
Backs strained and thighs and wills
were bent
And sweat poured out to make it so.

Cut, clean and tended, now it lies
Docile to man, while he stands near,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But let him turn, and it will slip
Into the thicket, like a deer.

If, as Michelangelo said, art is the purgation of superfluities, I fear that very little of Mrs. Sally Bruce Kinsolving's book, "Many Waters," will stand in the final analysis. It is difficult to review a volume such as this without seeming too unkind. One cannot, of course, ever measure the sincerity of the poetic stimulus behind any piece of work at all, but a critic's business is with the product as it is presented; and viewed in the cold light of performance the majority of poems in this collection seem mere posturings and poetical attitudes. Few of the over two hundred lyrics rise above lush sentimentality and facile emotion; they are studded with cliches and poeticisms. This lack of discipline carries over to the technique, as well, for while Mrs. Kinsolving demonstrates that she is capable of constructing a conventionally patterned poem, she has found it much less burdensome to her Muse in many cases to write amorphous, casually rhymed verses with no perceptible design. For example

TO JACK

When recently
You passed before us on the prow
Of your frail
Boat with sail
Outstretched behind you, returning
Home upon a summer sea,
The morning sunlight resting
On your brow
And burnishing
Your hair to gold,
Who could have then foretold
Your passing now? . . .

Mrs. Kinsolving has also taken themes which are so outworn as to make almost any expression of them dangerously close to burlesque. All the categories are here—the "Gypsy Trail" school:

I have a roof to house me
And a fair white bed,
I who would be lying
With stars overhead . . .

the "Madness of Spring" school:

Is it strange that we should be
A little mad in Spring
When joy begins to throb again
And birds are on the wing? . . .

I am sure that Mrs. Kinsolving has got a great deal of satisfaction out of writing these poems, and no doubt her work has given pleasure to a number of readers less carping than the present reviewer. The fact that this is true justifies them to a certain extent. But from a purely critical viewpoint these poems are distinguished neither in form or content.

Send GOOD books to
the Victory Book Campaign,
Saturday Review Family,
25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

POETRY AS NAME CALLING

(*Continued from page* 10)

pet names for it, they characterize it in every breath with a new epithet—until they grow tedious to prosaic people who don't know what it is to be in love with things in general.

For an example of a person who is in love, listen to a mother engaged in dressing her baby. "Now we'll turn him over on his little stomach," she'll say. "Now hand me his little stockings." And from a practical standpoint, could anything be more futile and superfluous than to characterize that stomach or those stockings as *little?* Of course they are little! And even if they were middle-sized, what difference would it make? But to one who is in love with a baby, and with everything that appertains to a baby, it is natural, even necessary, to characterize them every time they are mentioned.

And that is the way poets talk about everything. Open the Homer's "Iliad," —and take a "prose" translation from which every element of song has been removed. What is there left which distinguishes its language at a glance from that of any textbook in history? Just one thing: Homer not only cannot speak of babies, but he cannot speak of grown-up people, or even of lifeless objects like the earth or the sea, without an epithet.

Every time Homer mentions the

"THIS is a Global War."
—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

70 CLEAR MAPS and charts . . . Brilliant text by famous correspondent

An Atlas of World Strategy for the New AIR AGE

GLOBAL WAR

by Edgar Ansel Mowrer and Marthe Rajchman

WILLIAM L. SHIRER says: "A 'must' book for all Americans who really want to understand this global war." Already being used in many schools, colleges, Army and Navy training centers, and flying schools.

Heavy paper bound *Size 8 x 10½* *128 pages*

Pin a dollar to this ad and send it with your name and address to YOUR BOOKSELLER . . . or to the publishers, WILLIAM MORROW & CO., 386 FOURTH AVE., N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

$1.00 Price only

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1900 years is a long time!

Peasants, scholars, noblemen, adventurers, swineherds and shoemakers' sons—"all sorts and conditions of men" wearing the Fisherman's Ring: 260 Popes: some of them Saints and a very few truly great, but most of them mediocre, some thoroughly incompetent and quite a few pretty sorry specimens: but take them all together, they have had quite a bit of influence on History, and if we want to understand Europe we shall need to know the Popes!

JOHN VILLERS FARROW, author of "Damien the Leper," tells their story in

PAGEANT OF THE POPES

an authentic, readable history, handsomely bound, strikingly illustrated.

The standard histories of the Popes run to something over 100 volumes and more than five million words. Mr. Farrow has succeeded in condensing all the most significant material into a single, continuous narrative, packed with interesting detail.

All the Popes are here and all the facts you will want to know about them, good and bad. Fourteen striking portraits (redrawn by Charlot from authentic sources) help in understanding some crucial episodes in the strangest story in the history of the human race!

WHAT THE CRITICS SAID ABOUT "DAMIEN THE LEPER"

"Written with vigor and precise visual description."[1] "It belongs in every library, public and private."[2] Told with delicacy and restraint."[3] "Swift, lucid, interpretative narrative."[4] "You will not soon forget it."[5] "A great book."[6] "So sympathetic, so profoundly moving."[7] "A model of literary skill."[8]

[1]*THE SATURDAY REVIEW* [2]*Charles Francis Potter* [3]*Joseph Henry Jackson* [4]*Michael Williams* [5]*Charles Hanson Towne* [6]*BOSTON GLOBE* [7]*CATHOLIC WORLD* [8]*EXTENSION.*

Portraits by Jean Charlot, jacket by Valenti Angelo, Chronological Table, Index, 420 pages, Price $3.50

SHEED & WARD, 63 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

sea, he says, "the wine-dark sea." Every time he mentions the earth, it is "the fruitful earth." Every time he speaks of Hector it is: "Hector with the glistening helmet!" And of Minerva: "Minerva with those eyes like an ox!" The truth is that Homer keeps on repeating these same epithets until they tend to become mere brain-habits and do not convey a heightened consciousness at all. The quintessence of poetry, in a world expressly constituted for it, would be every time you mention anything whatever, to name it with a name that has never been used before, and that would conjure it up in reality in the listener's mind.

Poetry, you might say, is the art of calling names. In the art of calling humorous names, which forms the better part of slang, America has not been backward. In that we lead the world. But in the art of calling serious names, and making great songs and dramas and idea-decorated symphonies out of them, we are behind the older cultures. They all had a poetic childhood. Taking poetry for granted, they grew toward common sense. We were born under the sign of common sense, and, taking that for granted, have had to grow toward poetry. Yet we may go far if we keep on growing.

Bill Deering, Reporter

ISLE OF ESCAPE. By Ishbel Ross. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 300 *pp.* $2.50.

THE action of Miss Ross's new novel takes place in New York, 1941. It is more interesting as a piece of reporting than as fiction: in fact the story is so secondary to the startling facts which its able reporter-author has unearthed that it is hardly necessary to bother about it in a review. This is a great pity, for a first rate story would have helped point up the facts and perhaps drive home the moral for readers, if there still are any, who are sceptical about enemy activities in this country. Miss Ross's hero is an American reporter, back from Europe on a refugee laden ship. With some of his fellow passengers, he maintains the shipboard acquaintance, and they all perform according to type. Bill Deering's first assignment when he reports back to his paper is a series of articles about refugees who flooded the city. Needless to say, his new friends fit into the picture. Bill is driven by his passionate wish to shake the complacency of the Americans he meets, among his mother's friends, among business men, even on his own paper. He—through Miss Ross—makes some shocking discoveries.

Radio and the Writer

[*This is the first of a series of columns given over to a critical discussion of radio as a vehicle of public service and information, as a means of expression, and as an art.—Ed.*]

THERE is a certain amount of truth in the charges that radio has not risen to the leadership expected of it in wartime. Vacillation and reluctance to face reality have been conspicuous, but contrary to popular feeling, the fault lies not with people in radio, but with the people *not* in radio. Radio in itself is not leadership, any more than a printing press is literature. Radio is only an instrument, and can be the instrument of leadership only if it is so used.

During the past ten years, while radio has been discovering itself, many of our serious thinkers and writers, scholars, and educators have been ignoring or scorning it. It is to such men that we look for vision and leadership, and yet too many of them seem to take the position that radio is beneath their dignity.

This is not a question of artistry. The only difference between the essay form and the radio form for the diffusion or expression of an idea is that radio lengthens the artist's reach, strengthens the impact of his ideas. When otherwise cautious critics say that radio is artless, they forget that a paint pot is artless until an artist takes up the brush, or that a piano is artless until a virtuoso plays it. They are confusing the content with the style and limiting the possibilities by the average.

Radio style is neither difficult to master nor puerile. It requires only complete honesty; it abhors euphuistics. There are, of course, weak and worthless programs on the air, just as there are poorly written, meaningless stories that see the printed page. But good writers don't stop writing because they resent bad writing; nor should there be any reason for them to shun radio because of past or existing weaknesses. Radio to the writer offers both a challenge and an opportunity. It is a challenge to explore the infinite possibilities within radio as a medium of expression, as a medium of artistic and practical achievement. It is an opportunity to accept and carry the responsibility of leadership. In radio we have the greatest instrument for reaching people that man has ever known. With radio, democracy has realized itself in modern times—the market place has been brought into every home, and yet the leaders worry themselves about comparative artistries in speaking to the people.

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Psychoanalytic Psychology

OUR AGE OF UNREASON. By Franz Alexander, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1942. 341 *pp. Bibliography and Index.* $3.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

DR. ALEXANDER, Director of the Psychoanalytic Institute in Chicago, is a psychoanalyst of long experience, and for many years he has seen the most obvious fact about people: that they are in conflict within themselves, have two natures, are both social and anti-social. Hence, when he finds a world confused by the irrationality of current events turning to psychiatry for clarification, he responds by showing them the social-clinical record. Why have we traveled from the eighteenth century Age of Reason to the present-day Age of Unreason? The answer is that nothing was wrong with "Reason," but a good deal was wrong with the conception of man as a purely reasonable animal. Man is rational, he wishes to be independent, self-sustaining, and mature, and with what energy is left over to create and procreate. But also, he wishes to be secure and protected, and this is a much older need, arising in earliest childhood, and fostered by the prolonged parental care that is a biological necessity for the young of the human species.

In some countries, one or the other of these groups of human tendencies is more consonant with the traditional ideal or with governmental structure and policy. Thus in England, libertarian traditions and institutions prepared the way for an acceptance of individualism and self-reliance all through the nineteenth century, when expanding capitalism gave these qualities an ample chance for fulfillment. In Germany and Japan, on the other hand, industrialism was harnessed to the autocratic and dynastic chariots, and the demand on the subject was for obedience and submission. Hence in these latter countries the repressed aggression demanded expression and release in foreign wars. As time went on, in the Western countries the change from a period of capitalistic and individualistic expansion produced a cultural lag. In America the Frontier disappeared, but its old ideals persist, and, in a period of shrinking opportunities, lead to unhappiness, neurosis, and a special type of criminal: the romantic gangster, who is the belated travesty of the old winners of the West. Children inculcated with the old idea of competitive success in the individualistic struggle for wealth grow up and find a new cultural situation that demands coöperation.

On all this and much more Dr. Alexander throws the light of psychoanalytic psychology. For the benefit of the uninstructed he supplies a simplified account of mental mechanisms and neurotic illnesses. One reviewer of this book referred to Dr. Alexander's use of "post-Freudian jargon," which is unfair. Hogben would hardly have been criticized for writing in "post-Leibnitzian jargon" about the calculus. Indeed Dr. Alexander is particularly simple and lucid in his style and his presentation, as he himself says, is to a certain extent a reinterpretation of facts discovered by Freud, and in form unconventional. Without Freud and his conception of human conflict little could be done to initiate a "dynamic sociology."

The truth of this latter statement is brought home by Dr. Alexander's review of the social philosophers from Plato through Pareto. Hobbes, impressed by the strength of men's passions, was all for a system which should hold them in check. Locke thought that reason was strong enough to persuade the human race to do the sensible thing. Marx erred in seeing only the economic motives in culture. Pareto, says Dr. Alexander, saw that men rationalize, distrusted all ideas, and wrote a four volume rationalization of his own basis. In short what the social thinkers did not appreciate was man's psychological complexity.

Dr. Alexander is distinctly optimistic as to the future of democracy, if it faces its own psychological problem. It must open up new frontiers for the mind. As to the question of peace, Dr. Alexander points out that the best argument for its possible maintenance is to be found in the history of this country. In spite of the natural belligerence of the human race, we succeeded in keeping the peace for over a century, something unknown in European history.

The book suffers in form due to the fact that many chapters appeared as separate articles. Hence there is some repetition of ideas and even quotations and statements, but the central unity of its thought holds it together. The reviewer personally would have liked to see more use made of Freud's "Totem and Tabu," a work upon which evil days of neglect have descended in analytic circles, particularly for the light that might be thrown on standards of "maturity," a concept much used by Dr. Alexander.

Finally, it can be said that the book fulfills its promise of stating the major psychological problems of the present-day, sheds much light on many current manifestations, and offers much food for further thought in the direction of a scientific sociology.

HORSE SENSE IN AMERICAN HUMOR

By Walter Blair

"clever, amusing

". . . but also something more, for it is a knowledgeable and authoritative history of American risibility-raisers, who, starting in the almanacs and graduating to book covers, seem to have followed a fairly stereotyped pattern for over a century."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

"stimulating

". . . and illuminating approach to the history of America."—*Los Angeles Times*

"readable, original

". . . study of America's heritage of wit and humor and the writers who contributed to it. . . . Professor Blair's research into the sources and influence of American humor adds many a lively footnote to the political and social history of our country."—*Minneapolis Star-Journal*

"entertaining

"Here's a book, both instructive and hugely entertaining, that I recommend to all Americans."—*Baltimore American*

The story of our own brand of "made in America" humor, from Ben Franklin and Davy Crockett, through Mark Twain, Josh Billings and Mr. Dooley, to the present. *At bookstores, $2.75*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

New York Nights

by

E. Alexander Louhi

A sensational story of a small town youth and maiden caught in the maelstrom of the big city.

"One of the most interesting volumes to come to our attention in recent weeks. . . . Readers will be particularly impressed with the manner in which this book is written. . . . It is done in an entirely new pattern."—*Toledo Times*

"The author tells a clever story and his sense of humor allows him to present sensational material without seeming vulgar."—*Nashville Tennesseean*

"A book that will astonish you is the claim of the publishers. A true statement if there ever was one."—*Davenport Times*

"There is much to gain in reading this work."—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*

166 pp. At all bookstores, $1.80

THE HUMANITY PRESS, Publishers
220 West 42nd Street, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

G. B. S. — SATAN, SAINT, AND SUPERMAN

(*Continued from page 7*)

Mr. Shaw's constant and invaluable aid, in the full, baffling, and magnificent range of his extraordinary talents both as a man and as writer. Almost any devoted Shavian could point to anecdotes, letters, prefatory confessions, and other source materials which here and there Mr. Pearson has chosen to omit or for lack of space has had to abbreviate. Almost any student would have to regret that, in the back of his indispensable and lively book, Mr. Pearson has not indicated, by page and title, the Shavian works from which he is quoting, if for no other reason than that the samples he has given tempt one to read further. Even so, Mr. Pearson has done glowing justice to his subject. This is the highest of high praise because no literary biographer has ever had a more intriguing, brilliant, entertaining, versatile, or provocative subject to deal with than Mr. Shaw.

Almost thirty years ago Max Beerbohm drew a caricature in which a very comfortable G. B. S. was pictured standing on his head in the presence of a stranger. The caption read, "Mild surprise of one who, revisiting England after a long absence, finds that the dear fellow has not moved." To many people, especially to those who have not read him or who, worse still, have misread him, Mr. Shaw has been nc more than that perverse upside down fellow in Beerbohm's caricature. They have been scandalized by his irreverence, shocked by his immodesty, outraged by his iconoclasm, maddened by his brilliance, horrified by his impersonality, terrified by his economics, irritated by his sanity, and infuriated by his good humor. Yet the truth is that, while pretending to stand on his head, Mr. Shaw has held his head high and turned the Victorian world of his youth upside down. A good many dullards cannot forgive him for having made them uncomfortable or for having dared to deal gaily with serious subjects.

Disagreement has been more than Mr. Shaw's stock-in-trade; it has been his prophetic duty no less surely than gleeful overstatement has served him as one of the most provocative of his virtuoso talents. "It is an instinct with me," he once confessed, "to attack every idea which has been full grown for ten years, especially if it claims to be the foundation of all human society." The strategy of that attack was perhaps best revealed by Mr. Shaw in one of his blasts at Shakespeare. "To read 'Cymbeline'," he wrote, "and to think of Goethe, of Wagner, of Ibsen, is, for me, to imperil *the habit of studied moderation of statement which years of public responsibility as a journalist have made almost second nature to me.*" In those words which I have italicized, in the mock seriousness with which "studied moderation of statement" and "public responsibility as a journalist" are wedded, and especially in that crowning "almost," is as good a key as can be found to the Shavian method.

Always a propagandist, Mr. Shaw has shortened the life of many of his plays by turning them into battlefields for contemporary ideas. It is because his ideas have won that what was newest in these scripts now seems old-fashioned. They have been dated not so much by Mr. Shaw's concerns as by his victories. "Androcles and the Lion," "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Saint Joan," "Heartbreak House," and "Candida" may just now seem to be among the Shavian scripts most fated to endure. Yet the least of Mr. Shaw's plays contain proofs of that superior mind, that inexhaustible wit, that dazzling sanity, that wonderful cleanliness of spirit, and that superb command of the language which is his and his alone. Even when the plays fail, there are always the prefaces to fall back on; those prefaces which are among the glories of the language, and which are spread out before the dramas that follow them not as tea-cups are placed in saucers, but like huge soup-tureens set down on doilies. Then there are the letters, those amazing letters, written always with the fluency of the writing man to whom writing is a joy, not a labor, who has something to express which must be expressed, and who is one of the few people alive who still writes a letter as if the telephone had never been invented.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Shaw is always linked with Ibsen in any mention of drama of ideas, no two men could be more dissimilar. What a satyr is to an old grizzly, what Mephistopheles is to Grumpy, what a tarantula is to a bison, what Pan is to Cotton Mather, or what ever-green Ireland is to the frozen fjords, that accretion of paradoxes known to the world as G. B. S. is to Ibsen. It is not because Ibsen frowned where Shaw laughed that the two men are different. Or because Ibsen's characters were drawn by a psychologist who could remember others, where G. B. S.'s have largely been dummies speaking for a ventriloquist who could not forget himself. Or because the blight of bismuth is upon the Master Builder's admirable efforts where Shaw's talents are volcanicly eruptive. The truth is that Shaw's is by far the larger mind, and, what is more, by far the larger spirit. Where the one wrote with labor, the other has written because he has had no other choice.

Mr. Shaw is one of the greatest instinctive writers literature has known. He has been an artist in spite of himself; in spite, too, of his hatred of

If You've Enjoyed This Issue, Here's An Easy Way to Share It and 51 Others with a Literary Friend

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, DEPT. 18,
25 West 45th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Starting with your FALL BOOK NUMBER will you please enter subscription for:

☐ $4 one year ☐ $7 two years
☐ $3 one year (special rate for men in service)
(Add $1 a year in Canada and Abroad)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

IF YOU'RE MAKING A GIFT, PLEASE FILL OUT THIS FORM

☐ Please Enclose Gift Card

Donor's Name.....

Address.....

.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the breed. One feels that silence is the only form of expression to have cost him any pain. His giant intellect, his irrepressible wit, his magnanimous spirit—all these are kept in a constant state of cross-ventilation by his ever-articulate genius. The reticence of an artist he does not know but the eloquence of the literary artist is always at his command. His prose—now mystical and full of music, now Puckish in its mischief—has always the easy cadences of speech. One does not merely read Mr. Shaw; one hears him speak. Mrs. Patrick Campbell insisted that Mr. Shaw had a thrush in his throat. Certainly there is music in his prose. "I have never aimed at style in my life," he confessed, though he had to add, "style is a sort of melody that comes into my sentences by itself." Mr. Shaw does not record ideas, he orchestrates them. He annihilates the medium while making one rejoice in it. His clarity is matched only by his energy. Among his chief audacities as an author is the fact that each of his sentences starts with no end in view that can be anticipated and yet concludes, regardless of its length, by falling by chance into patterns that seem inevitably planned. His mind dominates everything, including even his fingers which can easily keep up with the most acrobatic of his thoughts.

The one predictable thing about Mr. Shaw is now, and always has been, that he will be unpredictable. His chief consistency has to many seemed to be his inconsistency. Yet always he has been readable. He is one of the few authors who has never been guilty of a *cliché*. Garrulous he has been to a fault, and is, but what dulls the reader in Mr. Shaw's writings is Mr. Shaw's unrelieved brilliance rather than any surrender to dullness on his part. In his case, the style is the superman. One has to rejoice in the word to rejoice in Shaw; and if one rejoices sufficiently his opinions lose their irritation, though never their stimulation.

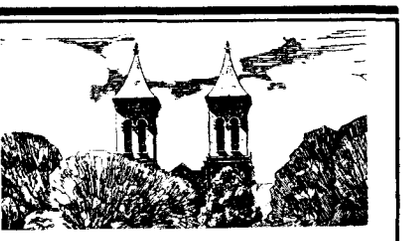
HIS defects are plain enough. They stand out, however, like spots on the sun. Unfortunately one important segment of his mighty brain appears to have been made from Leon Erroll's knee-cap. It keeps collapsing just when it needs most to sustain him. Chesterton described Mr. Shaw's incompleteness as a genius by likening him to the Venus de Milo, and insisting that, in his case as in hers, that all that there was of him was perfect.

It is not hard to see Chesterton's point. Mr. Shaw has understood everything but the average values of average living. His virtues, like his values, have all been exceptional. This is why he has meant so much to the commonplace world he has set out to correct, provoke, and instruct. Like the gods, he has served from Olympus. Although mankind is his business, and he has mingled with men under all sorts of disguises, Olympus is his home. "Whether it be that I was born mad or a little too sane," wrote Mr. Shaw, "my kingdom was not of this world: I was at home only in the realm of my imagination, and at my ease only with the mighty dead. Therefore I had to become an actor, and create for myself a fantastic personality fit and apt for dealing with men, and adaptable to the various parts I had to play as author, journalist, orator, politician, committee man, man of the world, and so forth."

IN the realm of ideas Mr. Shaw has been not only the most amazing receiving set but the most amazing sending set modern literature has known. Although he has borrowed freely from others, he seems always to have influenced his influences. If you look in his works for Ibsen, for Butler, for Wagner, for Henry George, for Marx, for Nietzsche, or for Chekhov, you will look in vain; at least if your hope is to find them in their original states. Mr. Shaw transforms them all. He does not borrow. He appropriates and possesses. He turns his influences into Shavians, just as he damages so many of his plays by turning most of his characters into Shavians, too.

As an author Mr. Shaw represents a host of apparently irreconcilable characteristics. To approximate his qualities you must imagine the impossible. You must try to conceive, if you can, Charles Dickens and John Bunyan being one man. You must think of Chesterton and Nietzsche inhabiting the same head. You must picture W. S. Gilbert and Oliver Cromwell as occupants of the identical body. You must suppose Sidney Webb and Harpo Marx as having been miraculously combined. You must imagine Ibsen and P. G. Wodehouse, Synge and Henry George, or Isaiah and Fielding as being one. Or convince yourself that "The Trojan Women" is an inseparable part of "The Frogs." Also you must think of a fighter who, though he dotes on battle, never fights a man but always an idea.

Needless to say, this astonishing Mr. Shaw has been greater than anything even he has written. This is why his life is more remarkable than the most remarkable of his works, and why Mr. Pearson's biography, which brilliantly records that life, is a book of both uncommon importance and uncommon delight.



Forget Your Feet Because Antioch Didn't

Walk all day long in Antioch Shoes if you wish. A product of research at Antioch College, they permit naturalness in foot position and posture. Antiochs are attractive, well made, supremely comfortable. Try them today.

NYSSA in black suede, patent trim. One and three quarters inch heel.

BERNE in black blue or white crushed kid or brown calfskin.

Antioch Shoes have moderately low heels, room for all ten toes, firm but supple shanks. Fitting and wearing qualities are unusually good. If there is no Antioch retailer near you, write for a free booklet today. There are Antioch Shoes for Men, too.

Ask for a new 32 page booklet, "Walk in Beauty," illustrated in color. It may help you solve your own shoe problem. It's free.

Antiochs are sold from coast to coast in stores like these:

Boston: Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
New York: Ross-Harris, Inc.
Philadelphia: Gimbel Brothers
Washington: Ed. Beam, Inc.
Cleveland: The Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit: R. H. Fyfe and Co.
Chicago: Lambert Shoe Stores
Los Angeles: Antioch Shoe Shop

Or write: Antioch Shoes, Portsmouth, Ohio

ANTIOCH SHOES
A Product of Antioch College

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Phoenix Nest

WE were thinking over the Roosevelt-haters the other day, and those who are scared that America is going communist because Russia is fighting the war in Europe for us, and all the viewers with alarm that any crucial time brings forth. And we thought back into history, until a rhyme or so began to form in our minds. We never got them finished up, but this is as far as they went:

Oh Timothy Dwight, Oh Timothy Dwight,
The triumph of Jefferson gave you a fright;
The Bible you saw in the bonfire to fall,
A "Jacobin phrensy" to reign over all;
All females dishonored, all sons like Voltaire,
The Phrygian cap on the pole at the Fair,
The revel around it sufficient to scare
Both Parson from pulpit and Squire from his chair—
Oh Timothy Dwight, Oh Timothy Dwight,
How horrid the bogies you felt you must fight!

Oh Marse Henry Clay, Oh Marse Henry Clay,
You found that "Old Hickory" got in your way,
And all of the propertied bumps-on-a-log
Saw Jackson with horns as an arch-demagogue,
While all the conservative Misters and Madams
Were sure of the virtues of John Quincy Adams;
Then Andrew's election, that routed tradition,
You saw of "King Mob" as the fatal admission—
Oh Men of That Day, like Marse Henry Clay,
You swore that your propertied interests must stay!

We wish we could get a good third verse, but, so far as it goes, we rather like it!

However, we have a far better poem, by one erst a distinguished contributor to F. P. A.'s late lamented *Conning Tower*. The press-clipping that called forth the following runs as follows:

BABY'S PANTS ARE NEEDED IN WAR EFFORT

Are baby's rubber pants needed in the national salvage campaign to aid the war effort? That's one of the questions answered in a new pamphlet compiled by the American Industries Salvage Committee . . . The answer to the question, incidentally, is "yes."

LULLABY

Sleep, my little one, gently slumber.
Mother will sing you a little number,
Mother will croon you a double ditty
For you and the Industries Salvage Committee—
Snooze, my little one, snooze.

Rest, my pretty one, go to sleep.
Every airplane, truck and jeep
Flays the foe with defiant answers
Led by our babies' rubber panzers—
Rest, my pretty one, rest.

Shush, my baby, don't you cry.
There'll be a substitute by and by
To cover this infantile exposé
And keep our domicile sweet and gay—
Shush, my dumpling, shush.

Hush, my little one, don't you blubber.
Something will take the place of rubber
To keep your mama's nerves from fraying;
To keep dear mama's hair from graying.
So don't be a cut-up, baby.
Shut up, baby!
Sleep, darling, sleep.

N. D. PLUME.

Arthur W. Bell of The Belfry, Falmouth, Massachusetts, has a new version of

OIL UPON THE WATERS
1942

In this perturbed tempestuous age,
Our U-boat-troubled waters rage,
But peace and quiet are restored
As oil-slick proves a hit is scored.

For the Negro Soldiers

Thede R. Norris of Altadena, California, sends us a poem from a paper for colored people, too long for us to reprint in full. But it is a poem that says things straight from the shoulder. From the last war, the author remembers riots in Tulsa, New York, Chicago, Washington—"Bloody, black bodies in khaki. And bitter black thoughts, in mourning." Negro men and boys are fighting for our democracy in this war; and the way we treat them is important. We have heard some things about Negroes in the Army, and the way they were treated, that don't make good hearing. If there ever was a time when such people as still cherish and hug to themselves their race prejudice, should try to exercise a little ordinary humanity and common sense, now is the time. This is a Negro writing, in *The California Eagle,* and this is the way he (or she) ends his poem. In order to quote the full ending we have had to ignore the breaks of the short lines and print it as prose. Capitals indicate where each new line begins:

And we are lonely. For something. To hold on to. And live and die for. BE NOBLE ABOUT. AND COURAGEOUS AND BIG AND STRONG ABOUT. *But we can't Be these If this is the same As last time . . . But this time out, it is we who Have the biggest stake Because Hitler Is against us As no man Has ever been Against the human race.* And if we Let him win Every revolution From Massachusetts To Moscow Will be lost And the people's Inch by inch Fight for freedom Will be lost And the right To fight for freedom Will be lost And that right Is the foot we've got Stuck In tomorrow's doorway. *And this is something To hold on to That's true* AND BIG AND COURAGEOUS AND STRONG, AND TO LIVE, AND DIE FOR.

"The foot we've got stuck in Tomorrow's doorway." That is a line of real poetry! And the whole thing, to us, is a sincere and moving poem. It was called "A Poem for Folks who Wonder What the Hell." No wonder they wonder!

The Poetry of L. A. G. Strong

We must apologize to Thomas Augustin Daly, the famous poet, for his name appearing last week, by error, as "Tom Day," in regard to his remarks concerning the poetry of L. A. G. Strong. Incidentally, having wondered in what particular dialect the little poem on "Zeke" was written, we have received several interesting replies. Stephen P. Ryan of New Orleans says, "It is most certainly in the dialect of Devonshire. Strong was born at Plympton, Devon, and spent much of his childhood there. He is really more English than Irish. He received all his education in English schools, and has spent most of his life in English surroundings. Lady Gilbert-Carter, of Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, says of the dialect, "I should certainly say it was Devonshire. The habit of misplacing the H's and adding a Y to ears, also 'stoopy down,' are all quite in character. My husband was a Devonshire man and as a bride I went to the village church in Belstone on my first 'Dartymoor' Sunday. The 'Passon' (so-called) began the Lord's Prayer 'Our Father—'. Suddenly, from below him, the clerk in a trumped voice shouted, 'Chart in Evvin!' It must be noted that in England it is Our Father *Which* Art, and in America, 'Who Art'." Not entirely so, though! As a little boy we were taught by our Mother, "Which Art."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crostics Club

THANKS, J. T. H., for the direct use of *emmet* in Dr. Isaac Watts's "The Ant or Emmet," Edition of 1802:

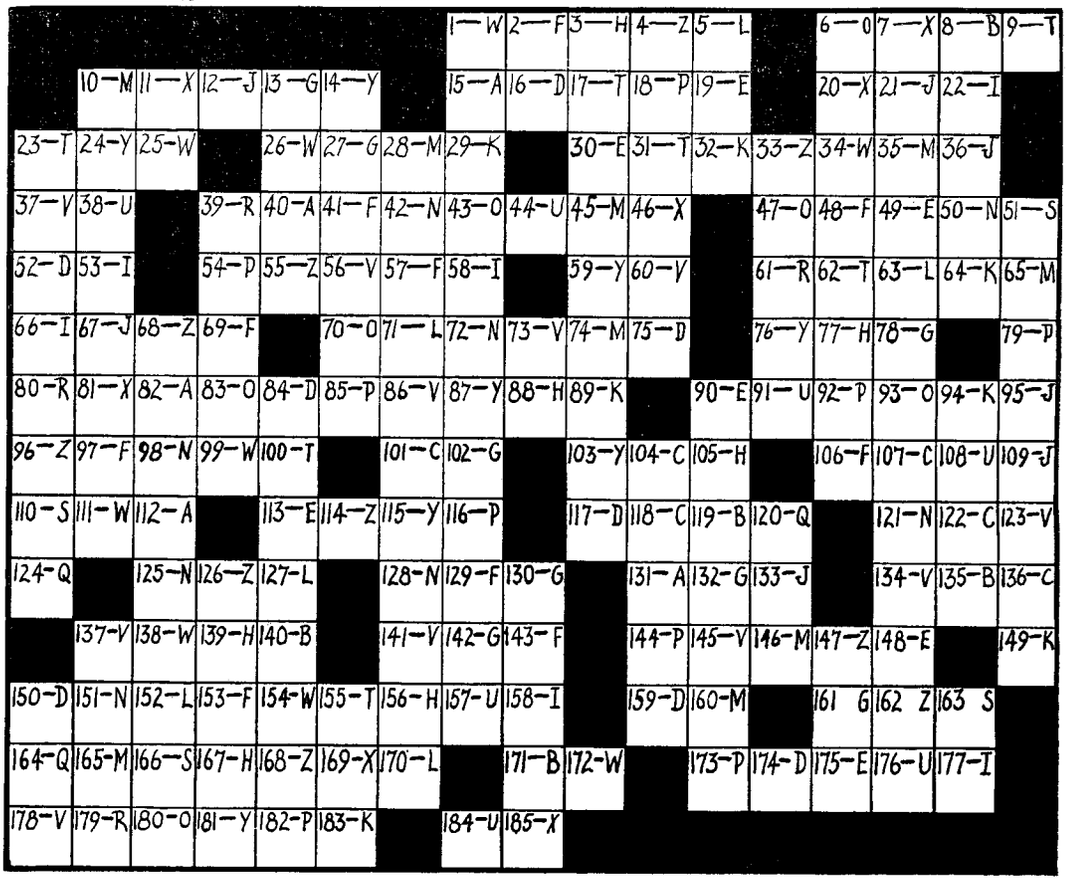
These emmets how little they are in our eyes
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
Without our regard or concern:
Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

The "Concise Oxford Dictionary," he adds, does not brand *emmet* as "obsolete."

Velma Long, Wimamac, Ind., wrote some time ago that she stimulates the interest of her Latin students by concocting Latin DCs for them: "There must, of course, be some English words in every puzzle to take care of w's, j's, k's and initial y's, but I try to impart a literary or historical flavor even to them. I dole them out to worthy students, who haunt libraries, wear out Latin dictionaries, and go about in a dazed condition generally until they're delivered of the solution. *They* don't mind using reference books! Of course they get paid for them by extra credit, but several work them for nothing."

As I handed the late Ellis Parker Butler's "Pigs Is Pigs" to a friend who needed cheering recently, I recalled pleasantly that he was one of a group of American humorists who individually honored us with an appreciation of DCs, and I bethought me of a little incident that occurred later. "Pigs Is Pigs" has long been a family missionary with us. One long icy winter I was summoned to court by a police rookie to answer for a slippery sidewalk. The whole suburban block was in a similar condition despite work and money spent for its relief. In protesting to higher authorities that rookie's peremptory action, I suggested that a course in judgment-training might be appropriate. So, when the Precinct Head called to discuss the matter, I instinctively handed him my copy of "Pigs Is Pigs" to read and pass on to his men. When I tried to get another copy the bookshops said it was out-of-print, the publishers said it was out-of-stock, and in desperation I wrote to E. P. B. himself. His reply was a tragic-humorous moan of reiterated *alases* and *alacks* over a situation of which he was unaware, as he pictured his waning royalties! Not long afterward this very situation about "Pigs Is Pigs" was cited in the *New York Times*. So insistent, however, it went on to say, was the steady demand for the little book that the publishers were obliged to restore it to their list. In other words, "Pigs Is Pigs," said the article, has become a *Classic*.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 448

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 41 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Directs.

B. Prayer at the close of daily ritual (Jewish Relig.)

C. African weaver bird.

D. English editor of Chaucer and Shakespeare (1730-86).

E. Spiced molasses cookies (Cook.)

F. Ancient Teutons that overran Europe.

G. Round shield carried by medieval foot-soldiers.

H. *A Miss* in "She Stoops to Conquer."

I. Oratorio by Handel (1718).

J. Stupid and obstinate.

K. Applied to a class of medieval religious plays.

L. Ants (archaic).

M. Plump; a wanderer (comp.)

N. Substantially; consequently (2 wds.)

O. Cut for fodder or straw.

P. Fixed regard.

Q. French Marshal executed in 1815.

R. Loch in Scotland recently in the papers.

S. The genus of the great bustard.

T. Series of tragedies at Athens for the festival of Dionysus.

U. Master; Sir (Turkish title).

V. Make obeisance by drawing back the foot (3 wds.)

W. Showing; exhibiting.

X. Name given to Cromwell by the Cavaliers.

Y. Mohammedan preachers in place of the imams.

Z. Carthaginian heroine of "Tragedy" by James Thompson; also of Marston.

WORDS

112 82 40 131 15

171 140 119 135 8

107 104 101 136 122 118

174 75 52 16 150 84 117 159

175 19 113 49 90 148 30

129 153 143 57 41 69 48 97 2 106

130 142 102 78 132 13 161 27

77 105 156 167 139 88 3

58 158 53 66 22 177

12 36 21 109 67 133 95

32 89 183 149 64 94 29

71 63 152 5 127 170

28 165 35 74 146 10 160 45 65

98 125 72 128 50 151 121 42

47 43 180 6 83 93 70

144 54 182 116 18 92 79 173 85

164 124 120

80 179 39 61

51 166 110 163

23 9 17 155 62 100 31

157 38 44 176 91 184 108

178 37 137 86 141 145 60 115 123 134 73 56

34 172 1 25 99 111 138 26 154

185 20 81 169 7 46 11

14 24 76 103 59 87 181

96 168 147 55 126 68 162 4 33 114

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SIXTEEN YEARS OLD bookstore and library for sale in beautiful Southern California city of thirty thousand. Write Box 578-G.

YOU'LL RELAX in the autumn beauty at THE NORTHFIELD, enjoy the best vacation in years. There are golf, tennis, nature trails at the door, delicious meals, and the acquaintance of genuine people. Train and Bus to Hotel. A. Gordon Moody, Manager, EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.

RESEARCH AND GENERAL ASSISTANCE to writers. Especially experienced in current events. Carroll Jordan, 137 East 40th St., New York City.

I WONDER if there are any feminine admirers of Housman, Delius, autumn, jazz, the theatre, midnight? Ulysses. Box 612-G.

NEW YORK BOUND? Nor sound of Juggernaut nor flickering electric day, to trouble your slumber at this hostelry. Literary people will appreciate the quiet, pleasant and convenient location of the Hotel Standish Hall in New York City. It is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. Direct transportation to the New York Public Library. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is just across the Park. Flexible accommodations. One room, $62.50 per month, for a year. Two rooms, $100 per month. Furnished suites —parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. H. W. McGaffey, resident manager for reservations, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

AS YOU ARE, so you write. Detailed handwriting analysis, $1.00. Elsie Briggs, Box 400-G.

HAPPY BUT LONELY adventurer follows excitedly spiritual trails blazed by S. E. W. Welcomes correspondence with lady exploring same country. Box 607-G.

"NO APPEASEMENT" in quality, just great savings in really fine clothes (mostly Original Models) at Miss Goodman's, 244 Lexington Ave. (34 St.), MU-5-0670.

I TELEPHONED the advertising department of SRL today to inquire the rate for room advertising and was greeted with a note of surprise: "Why I thought the rooms at the Algonquin were always occupied 100%." "That's just the trouble. Too many people think that—and that's what I want to correct. It is very flattering to have people think the hotel is always full. But as it isn't anything like the truth, it butters no parsnips."

So I want to let your readers know that the Algonquin is a regular TRANSIENT hotel of considerable charm. I want to invite your readers who come to New York for a day, for two days, or for a longer visit, to live at the Algonquin. Single rooms are $3.50 a day, double rooms—separate beds $5.00 and quite luxurious suites, with sitting room, are $7.00 and $8.00 a day. All with bath, of course.

Famous restaurant. The location of Hotel Algonquin is in West 44th Street between the Fifth Avenue shopping district and the Theatres. Pleasant walking distance of both.—FRANK CASE.

YOUNG MAN desires pleasant room in or near Philadelphia. Possessions: mostly records and books. Desiderata: use of piano, congenial atmosphere. Box 611-G.

PERSONALS

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. Delightful, informal New England rooms, cottages.

ELIGIBLE BACHELOR (so called) returning after long residence and travel abroad, seeks diverting correspondence. Box 623-G.

WANTED: OFF-TIME WORK WITH WRITER. Shorthand. Typewriting. Research. Revision. MUrray Hill 3-7271 during business hours Monday through Friday.

FOR SALE: Comfortable low-priced homes —delightful year round climate—moderate living costs—plenty of fuel. Apply to Alice Gaines, Saluda, N. C.

MENTALLY MAROONED? Let's fly away via Round Robins. Box 621-G.

PERSONAL NUMEROLOGY FORECASTS. Send name, birthdate, $1.00. John Miller, Box 620-G.

WOMAN, ATTRACTIVE, liking cats, historical novels, travel, would like to correspond with middle-aged man. Box 619-G.

WILL SENSITIVE woman correspond with nostalgic young man? Box 618-G.

EXPERIENCED TEACHER offers rapid easy methods in piano, English diction, accent. Box 617-G.

HOMELY MAN, Novelist, Explorer, Traveler, etc., Author's Secretary Book-of-Month wishes correspond single, homely woman who won't exchange photos. Box 616-G.

LITERARY AGENCY, Est. 13 Years; average cash income $1,000 monthly; low overhead; sell half or whole; reason war work. Principals only. Box 615-G.

FEMALE WHO LIKES to hear herself talk desires correspondence, male or female, who enjoy half-baked intellectuals like me. Box 614-G.

MONOGRAM LAPEL PINS individually designed, carved, choice of many beautiful rare woods, $1.25. Send initials, stamp, for sketched suggestions. Mantza, Lacrescenta, California.

YOUNG MAN fond of reading, sweet swing and serious correspondence, would like to hear from some lovely, intelligent lassies. Box 603-G.

FAIRFIELD COUNTY, CONN., six acres, secluded, small all year house, electricity, charming scenery, woods, pondsite, hilltop, fine views, excellent well, macadam road, guaranteed title, $2,900. Box 622-G.

MATURE WOMAN SEEKS friendly correspondents. Box 624-G.

LITERARY WOMAN WHO SEEKS diverse human contacts would correspond with those who accept life simply and with a sense of humor. Box 625-G.

WHAT MATURE MALE would write lonely country woman? Box 626-G.

PHILOGYNIST, INC. Box 627-G.

TEACHER PIANO THEORY, sight-reading, excellent training, wants pupils any age, preferably at their homes, $4 an hour. Box 628-G.

PART-TIME POSITION in Manhattan desired by college graduate with professional library experience and typing experience in the insurance field. Ella Playwin. Box 629-G.

WINTER HOME IN VERMONT offers security of quiet opportunity to read, write, study. Tray breakfasts. Prices reasonable. Box 630-G.

YOUNG LADY, HUSBAND IN ARMY, wishes share apartment in Manhattan with congenial girl. Will provide furniture. Likes books, people, music. Box 631-G.

MATURE WOMAN wishes correspondence with cultured mature man. Box 632-G.

WIDOW, NEITHER GRASS NOR GREEN, would correspond with someone keen. "In the rearward of a conquered woe," he must not be a man named Joe. Box 633-G.

YOUNG MAN, COLLEGE GRADUATE, Army rejected, desires farm work to assist war effort. Box 635-G.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

GENEALOGY

CENSUS and PENSION records. Lineages for patriotic societies. Doris W. Strong, 121 Fourth, Southeast, Washington.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Bookplates. Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare Books. Old Books. New Books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

BOOKS-BY-MAIL

ANY BOOK EVER PRINTED. Rare books located free. All books quoted promptly. Cash orders prepaid. LITERARY MART, 1650 Broadway, New York.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mailorder catalogue. 20c.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK EVER PRINTED. Rare books located free. All books quoted promptly. Cash orders prepaid. LITERARY MART, 1650 Broadway, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. No. 400, 117 West 48th Street, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

LITERARY SERVICES

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Education, literary, economic, historical, investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

LAURENCE ROBERTS. Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

RESEARCH: CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY. Government Bureaus, etc. Odd jobs, simple questions, complex investigations. ALL expertly handled. Lowest rates. JOHN CREHORE, Box 2329, Washington, D. C.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References. 152½ South Clark, Los Angeles.

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 23 YEARS— We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, 280 Madison at 40 St., New York.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE. Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Six rewarding new books from The Viking Press

The Most Exciting NEW Poetic Talent in a Decade!

"Mr. Villa seems to me to possess one of the purest and most natural gifts discoverable anywhere in contemporary poetry. This accounts for his power to say, quietly, the most astonishing and exalted things."
—MARK VAN DOREN. $2.00

Have Come, Am Here

by José Garcia Villa

THE "FOX HUNTING MAN" RECALLS ANOTHER ENGLAND

Siegfried Sassoon

A well-loved man of letters, remembering his past, makes live again the England that one war uprooted and a second war destroyed forever. A nostalgic and charming idyll for this day, it tells with intimate warmth of his early years as a writer, and of the great figures he met. $2.75

The Weald of Youth

A CHALLENGING STUDY OF A VITALLY IMPORTANT NEIGHBOR

"An informing picture of a country we need to understand."—*New York Times Book Review.*

"This outspoken book, at once very friendly and devilishly perceptive, should help us to understand a nation with whom we must find a basis for friendship."—NORTH, *Chicago News.* $3.75

Argentina
The Life-Story of a Nation
by JOHN W. WHITE

THE LITTLE-KNOWN STORY OF THE COPPERHEAD REBELLION

The fascinating chronicle of the sedition in the *North* that nearly wrecked the Union. "A sound and valuable book. This chapter from the past is encouraging for the present."—Carl Van Doren. *Illustrated.* $3.75

THE HIDDEN CIVIL WAR
BY WOOD GRAY

Bemelmans!

"As ingeniously cockeyed in his prose as in his drawings...he remains completely and unclassifiably himself."—GANNETT. *Herald Tribune.*

"First-class Bemelmans, absolutely up to standard."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times.*

Illustrated by himself. $2.50

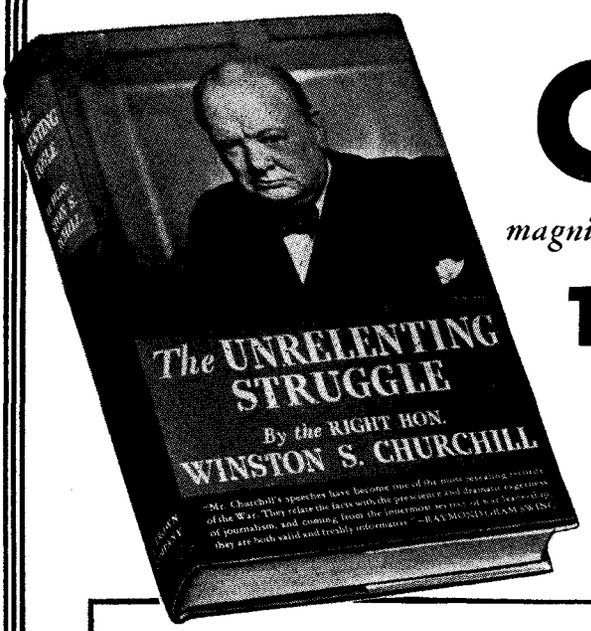
I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU!

THE STORY OF BARANOV, WHO TAMED ALASKA FOR RUSSIA

"Brilliant piece of historical biography, full of rugged human nature and replete with dramatic incident."—Lincoln Colcord, *Herald Tribune.* A fine biography and a rich slice of Americana. $3.00

LORD of ALASKA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WINSTON S. CHURCHILL'S

magnificent successor to BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS

THE UNRELENTING STRUGGLE

Here a great leader voices the creative philosophy of the Democracies, in a revealing, inspiring, dramatic picture of history told by one of its makers. $3.50

A TIME FOR GREATNESS

By Herbert Agar

Here is an opportunity and a challenge to every American. "I have no hesitation in saying that this is a book of the utmost importance, the most valuable examination of America and Americans, their war and democracy, yet published."—Joseph Henry Jackson, *San Francisco Chronicle.* $2.50

DOCTORS OF THE MIND

The Story of Psychiatry

By Marie Beynon Ray

"The quest for knowledge concerning the working of the human mind becomes as exciting as a mystery story. It cannot fail to thrill any reader."—*New York Herald Tribune.* $3.00

5 Unforgettable Novels

THE SEVENTH CROSS

By ANNA SEGHERS. "A testament to the grandeur and nobility of the human soul."—*New York Herald Tribune "Books"* $2.50

339,200 COPIES IN PRINT
Including Book-of-the-Month Club

FRONTIER PASSAGE

By ANN BRIDGE. "Has the excitement of a spy story and the pity and depth of a profoundly searching human document."—*New York Times Book Review.* $2.50

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY

By HELEN MacINNES. "Even better than her first great success, ABOVE SUSPICION."—*Philadelphia Record.* $2.50

SIGNED WITH THEIR HONOUR

By JAMES ALDRIDGE. "The finest fighting book of this war, its first great fighting novel... has a terrific impact."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

NO SURRENDER

By MARTHA ALBRAND. A story of Dutch loyalty under Nazi occupation. "A beautiful love story, almost unbearably pitiful but strong and very tender."—Jane Spence Southron, *New York Times Book Review.* $2.50

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

L B

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED